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ON TO KHARTOUM: READ THE "P.I.P." WAR CHRONICLE.

TROOPER TOMMY AND FOWLER AT THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

FOWLER ON TRANSPORT.

BY TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS.

[SECOND LETTER TO THE "P.I.P."]

"THERE'S times when

Soldiering Ain't no Bloomin' Cop,

and this is one of 'em," said my friend Fowler the other day. I must confess that I was fain to agree with him on that occasion. The troops had marched from their camp near Ludgershall to another nearer Salisbury. It was but a paltry ten miles, and in anything like decent weather would have been just a pleasant morning jaunt, as the road lay through stretches of some of the most picturesque country one could wish for. However, the weather wasn't all right.

When Réveille Sounded

the skies were leaden, a rustling south-west wind came bearing a damp mist that one knew would turn to rain later on. I left with the troops and then came back to see how the much-talked-of civilian transport was working, and it was then that I met Fowler again. He was, as usual, suffering under a grievance, and had "some" to say, as our American cousins put it, about the shortcomings of civilian contractors in general, and the driver and horses of the wagon containing his master's effects in particular.

Photo Knight.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Well, Fowler, and what sort of a time are you having?"

"What sort of a time am I 'aving, eh? Well, if you 'ave not got a bloomin' 'ard neck to arst me that. Carn't you see? 'Avin'! Well,

S'elp Me Bloomin' Bob

if ever I see such a job as these 'ere civilian contractors. 'Ere they comes into camp with 'orses and vans as my old man wouldn't send spuds to market with. They messes about and carn't do this and won't do that, and some other perishing thing ain't in their contrack, until everybody 's got the blighted 'ump. Damn all civvy contractors, says I!

Look 'ere, Burglar,

I'll give you a case: The other day the wagons and 'orses was supposed to come into camp at 8.30. Fust of all, they didn't show one of their stiffenin' beaks until after nine, and then they begins to dribble in about as lively as widders at a christening; and so they comes all day, some of 'em bein' about ten or twelve hours late. That wouldn't 'ave mattered a bit, 'cept o' course that it ain't up to our mark anyway; but when they did get in, that is, some of 'em, they 'adn't 'ad no grub, and 'adn't even fed their mokes for Gord knows when. Some of the chaps had fixed up to draw rations and forage from the Transport, and of course

They was all 'Teck,

but others said as they 'd fix up the fodder for themselves and their 'orses themselves, and it 's these puddin'-'eaded swines or the stiffener as employs 'em as I 'm talking of.

"Well, these blokes frames up and pitches a yarn as 'ow they 'adn't got no money and 'adn't 'ad any grub for twenty-four hours, and their 'orses same-like, and they didn't know where it was to come from.

"They was supposed to be looked arter by a lot of blokes rigged out in a kit which looked like a

Cross Between a Salvation Captain and the Driver of one of these 'ere Puffin' Billy Motor-Cars;

but these perishin' fools didn't even know the men they was supposed to boss. When they was asked 'ow about the forage for their 'orses, they said it 'adn't come; strike me pink if they weren't a lively set of blighters! Anyway, they 'ad forage dished out from stores, and the men were given a bob each, and, of course, bein' a more or less low-ordered lot, they mooched off to the blob-shop and got blind oh! Now, that 's the sort o' crowd as is expected to cart about the belongings of a blessed Division. Just fancy a lot of caravan gipsies hired to do the job!

Strike Me Lucky,

if I don't think they 'd be better. 'Ere this morning it took the officers who was lookin' after the job an 'ell of a time to find their drivers, and when they 'd got 'em all fixed up the wagons 'ad to be packed as if they was made of paper and they was afraid of bustin' 'em! Now we 've got some of 'em on the road, and Gord knows when they 'll reach the next camp."

I Had a Chance

later on of seeing how they did get along. "Pubs" seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the drivers, and the exertions of an extremely energetic young officer of the Army Service Corps, who rode continually from one end to the other of the straggling column, alone prevented the almost total breakdown of the "Transport." At any hill of any gradient worth noticing spare

[*Continued on page 132.*

The Duke of Connaught. *Photo Knight, Aldershot.*

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STAFF PROCEEDING TO THE FRONT.

Photo Knight, Aldershot.

WITH THE DUKE'S NORTHERN ARMY: BRIGADE OF ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

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Cockle's Antibilious Pills.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

THE usual rule is for people to say, "Do as I tell you—not as I do," but in the matter of what is now to be said, the rule must be reversed. The writer wants the reader to do not only what he advises, but also what he himself regularly does—namely, buy Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. Precept is a good thing, precept and practice in combination are better still, and this little advertisement embodies these two principles. If you buy Chivers' Jellies once, you go on buying them because of their good qualities. If any of us spend money on an article, not one of us likes to be taken in; in fact, we strongly resent being duped, and carefully taboo anyone who so treats us. On the other hand, it is only human nature to stick to those who treat us well. Chivers' Jellies do treat us well. They are right down good Jellies, with exceptionally nice refreshing flavours, and they are always welcome to children. Moreover, they are flavoured with real fruit juices, and as fruit juices are naturally healthy to use, cooling and purifying to the blood, this characteristic serves the double property of doing us good, and gratifying our taste while refreshing our palates. If then you haven't tried Chivers' Jellies yet, please do so at once; you can have them in Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry flavours, and can get them at almost any Grocers or Stores. Half-pints, 2½d.; Pints, 4½d.; Quarts, 8d. Or you can have a free sample packet to try them first, if you write to S. Chivers and Sons' Fruit Farm, Histon, Cambridge. A postcard will do.—[ADVT.

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Talk of London.

—:o:—

"BY ORDER OF THE CZAR"!

USUALLY such a phrase would suggest banishment to Siberia, or a command to exterminate some Asiatic tribe. But the latest message of the Russian ruler is for peace. On Aug. 24 Count Muravieff handed to all the representatives of Foreign Powers at St. Petersburg a communication expressing the earnest desire of the Czar for peace. His Imperial Majesty wishes to see a general conference of the European Powers with a view of putting an end to the increasing armaments of the various States. The Czar declares that the enormous sums spent on military and naval forces strike at the very heart of the people's welfare in every country of Europe. He says the conference would be of happy augury for the century about to commence. All will depend on the reception this remarkable proposition meets with on the Continent. At first,

COUNT MURAVIEFF.
The Czar's Foreign Minister.

Germany

is inclined to throw cold water on the idea. The French, of course, always regarded the Russian alliance as the first step towards the

Recovery of Alsace-Lorraine,

and universal peace would leave matters as they are. One wonders most of all that peace proposals come from Russia after the pressure exercised by that Power adverse to British interests in China. But

The Financial Hard-upness of Russia

would hardly endure the strain of a great war at present, when a bad harvest has brought ruin to some villages; and perhaps the Czar feels that peace proposals, even if not accepted, would do more for his country than a doubtful conflict with another great Power. It is curious that a month ago

Mr. Balfour,

in reply to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, said, "No communication had been made by his Government for mutual disarmament, nor did he think such a proposal would lead to any successful result." The idea is probably too good to be adopted. But the Peace Society fondly hopes that the day will come when rival nations will reduce their standing armies and use their war-ships for commercial purposes. Meantime,

"Defence, Not Defiance,"

the motto of our gallant Volunteers, sums up the policy of Great Britain.

"On to Khartoum!"

is the cry on the banks of the Upper Nile. By the time these lines are read the Sirdar may have ordered the final attack on the Khalifa. We are very sanguine as to results; but it should be remembered that the obstacles are great, and the forces opposed to us are stronger than they have been hitherto. Still, the greatest care has been shown in planning the advance; and Sir Herbert Kitchener's generalship has won the admiration even of the most bitter of the French journals. The *Figaro* said last Saturday: "The English promised to reconquer the Soudan, and they will keep their word. The British flag will shortly float over the Dervish capital." But then a question is raised as to the future: "Will England evacuate Egypt?"

The French Always Conveniently Forget

that we offered them the opportunity of sharing with us the risks and glories of an Egyptian occupation. They backed out, and, seeing what England has accomplished, have felt jealous ever since. One is glad to learn, however, that M. Faure has the sound sense as well as good feeling to be friendly to England.

The Promenade Concerts

at Queen's Hall last Saturday attracted an enormous audience. It was as much as they could find standing room; moving about was impossible. But everybody enjoyed the admirable music and the artistic playing of the magnificent orchestra—one of the finest in Europe. It is the fourth annual season of Mr. Robert Newman's Promenade Concerts, and it seems likely to be the most successful of all. Not a few appreciate the indulgence of "the weed"; while the high character of the works performed raises these concerts to the same range as the Philharmonic Society and other classical institutions. Among the most admired items were Selections from Wagner and the striking overture by Tschaikowsky, called simply "1812." It commemorates the retreat from Moscow in that year. A juvenile pianist, Wolodia Roujitzky, displayed wonderful command of the instrument; and charming vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Fanny Moody, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Chandos Lloyd, Mr. Manners, and others.

THE PEACE-WISHING CZAR AS A FATHER.
From a Photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

The London Playbills

are falling thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Naturally, the dramatist who delighted us as sole author of "The Lights o' London" and "Romany Rye," and as part author of "In the Ranks," "The Harbour Lights," and other sterling pieces, drew us to the Adelphi to see

"The Gipsy Earl."

Mr. George R. Sims is welcome back to the Adelphi, where he has furnished MM. Gatti with their chief successes. He displays afresh in the new drama his intimate knowledge of gipsy life. I regret I have not room this week to dwell adequately on all the powerful scenes devised by "Dagonet." But, in giving a photograph of

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry,

who have joined the Adelphi Company to perform the principal parts in "The Gipsy Earl," I may state that the plot is elaborate and interesting. Some fifteen years before the play commences, the Earl of Trevanion, father of the hero, marries a second time a lady so disliked by his son Eric (Mr. Fred Terry) that the young man flings himself into a river near at hand. But he is rescued by a gipsy named Anselo Lovell, and finding his home so unattractive, Eric resolves to turn gipsy himself, and having some artistic skill, avails himself of it to earn his living. Eric falls in love with Naomi (Miss Julia Neilson), a beautiful gipsy, as he supposes; but she proves to be the daughter of a baronet (old business, but admirably worked up by Mr. Sims). Frank, half-brother to Eric, has got into difficulties with the gipsy tribe. The hero is suspected of the murder of Frank. This furnishes

One of the Most Exciting Incidents.

Being captured as the criminal, Eric is bound and thrown into the mill. His escape as the sails begin to revolve brings the third act to a conclusion amid breathless suspense. The fourth act winds up the story in masterly style. Naomi is discovered by her father, Sir Jasper Roy, and all is well with the lovers. The Gipsy Earl comes into his rightful inheritance, and the play ends happily, as a melodrama should do. It may be safely predicted that "The Gipsy Earl" will be a brilliant success, with such power is the strong story evolved by Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson and their associates, and with such admirable flashes of humour do Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mrs. Henry Leigh, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother relieve the tragic episodes.

Miss Olga Nethersole,

Mr. L. N. Parker, and Miss Grace Warner are portrayed on subsequent pages apropos of "The Termagant's" production.

"Her Royal Highness"

will strut and fret her hour or two hours on the stage of the Vaudeville on Saturday evening, enlivening playgoers with Mr. Basil Hood's pleasant wit and Mr. Walter Slaughter's tuneful music. May it prove a second "French Maid"!

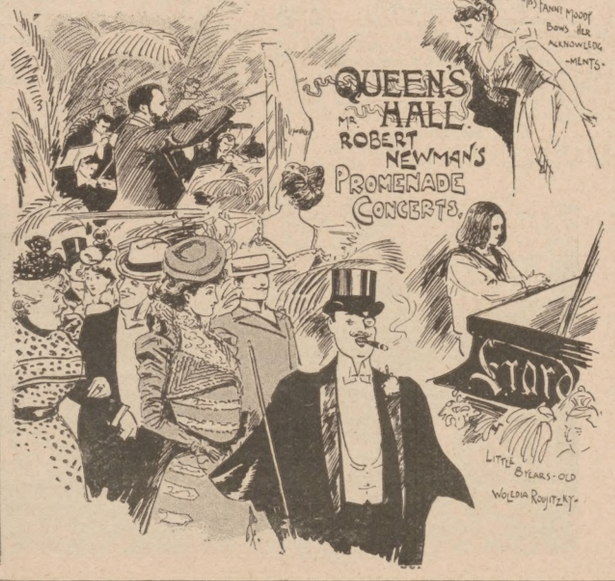
Miss Ellen Terry

(whose womanly Desdemona and Pauline charmed us all at Fulham's bijou theatre last week) starts next week on tour with Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum company at the handsome Borough Theatre, Stratford, where East Enders are to be entertained with "Nance Oldfield" and "The Bells." The ridiculous statement of a provincial journal that the distinguished actress had quitted the Lyceum hardly needs contradiction; but I contradict it on authority all the same.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's "Macbeth"

will, he informs me, not be seen until a week later than was expected—that is, on Sept. 17 instead of Sept. 10. A glimpse of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at rehearsal gave a promising idea of a new development of her histrionic ability on the Lyceum stage. Splendid new scenery and original music by Mr. Hamish McCunn will add to the interest of the revival. By the way, this gifted young Scottish composer joins Dr. Osmond Carr in his efforts to revive the glories of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which I sincerely trust will enjoy a renewed lease of brilliant prosperity such as the late Carl Rosa secured for it.

THE PROMPTER.



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ON TO KHARTOUM.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, unsurpassed for his personal knowledge of the Soudan country it is his mission to restore to the sovereignty of Egypt, prepared the present Anglo-Egyptian Expedition in such a careful and masterful manner that his smart and well-organised little Army has been the admiration of all the special Press Correspondents, from bold and valiant Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, to the Press *doyen*, Mr. Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Scudamore, of the *Daily News*.

Writing from Atbara Camp,

on Aug. 7, the last-named Special was particularly warm in his commendation. He said: "The newly-arrived regiments have quickly settled down. The Rifle Brigade, indeed, who had a day in which to get straight, pitched the Guards' tents for them on their arrival on Saturday, and gave them hospitality. It was pleasant, indeed, when the Guards had detrained in the usual mud-daubed, unshaven, bedraggled, baggy-eyed, and woebegone condition in which everyone reaches the end of a Soudan railway journey, to note the men of the Rifle Brigade giving practical first aid to their comrades in arms by

Pouring Buckets of Rich Brown Atbara Water

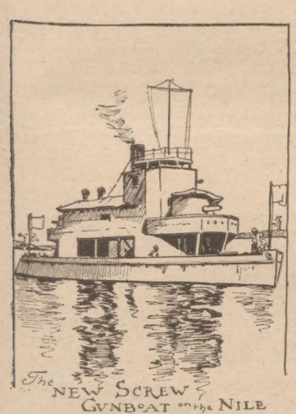
over their heads and shoulders. The journey from Cairo here is a long and trying one, and necessity willed that at some stages of it the men must pack perhaps more closely than is absolutely pleasant in a tropical climate. The men, however, very speedily shook themselves free from the results of any discomfort they may have undergone, and on Saturday evening

A Big Combination Sing-Song

was held, in which both battalions took part, and where we listened to many of our old friends, the songs best loved of soldiers, rendered always in excellent voice and style."

Khalifa's Steamer Blown Up.

The "Central News" reported a singular accident on the Nile. It appears that on Aug. 19 the Khalifa caused a huge box to be filled with

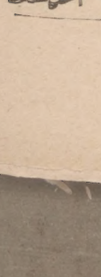


The NEW SCREW GUNBOAT on the NILE

gunpowder and other explosives and placed in a boat in charge of a Tunisian prisoner, who was chained in the boat. The steamer *Ismailia* was then ordered to proceed down the river with the boat in tow as far as Kerreri, and there the Tunisian was instructed to lower the extemporised mine into the water in such a position that the British boats would strike it in passing and be blown up. The plan, however, failed in the execution, for while the box was being lowered into position it exploded, and blew up not only the small boat, but the *Ismailia* as well. A number of men were killed.

The Sirdar's Review of Friendlies.

A striking and picturesque scene was witnessed on the right bank of the Nile on Aug. 26 (we learnt from Wad Hamed), when the Jaalins and other friendly Arab tribesmen were paraded before the Sirdar and reviewed by their commandant, Major Stuart-Wortley. The Friendlies were much elated at the prospect of fighting the



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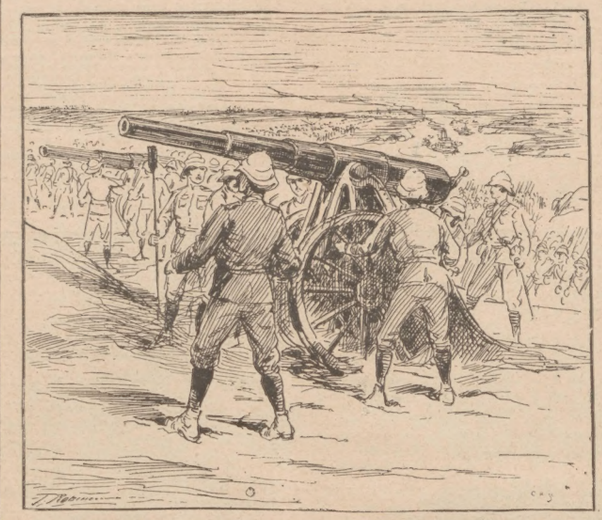


THE SIRDAR'S 40-POUNDER SIEGE-GUN FOR OMDURMAN.

Dervishes, at whose hands they have suffered so much.

Narrow Escapes of General Rundle, Prince Christian Victor, and Commander Keppel.

From Jebel Royan on Aug. 28 it was wired that an accident occurred that day, resulting in the loss of the gun-boat *Zafiro*. When she had arrived ten miles off Shendy she sprang a leak. A list set in, and she was run for the shore, but unfortunately sank within a fathom in comparatively deep water, only her funnel and cross-trees remaining above the surface.

General Rundle, Commander Keppel, and Prince Christian Victor were able to make their way to the shore. No life was lost, and the sunken boat was secured by a hawser.

Omdurman and the Mahdi's Tomb Sighted by Gordon's Nephew.

From the summit of Royan Hill can be seen the first view of our objective (wired Reuter's Special on Aug. 23 from the Camp at Hajir). On a clear evening, away to the south, appeared certain dull, dark streaks, with a splash of white. This was Omdurman, the white building being the Mahdi's tomb. Gordon's nephew was the first to see the white speck on the horizon. The distance is little more than thirty miles, and General Hunter's patrols constantly sight parties of Dervishes, who invariably fall back before our advance. Yesterday the sky-line was lit up with signal fires.

Major Stuart-Wortley Had a Smart Brush with the Dervishes

on Monday last. He was moving with his force of Friendly Arab tribesmen along the right bank of the river, when about three miles north of the Camp Um Teref he caught sight of a body of the enemy at their old work of raiding a village, the people of which had given offence to the Khalifa.

The Friendlies made a dash for the village, and, when within range, opened fire on the raiders. The enemy fired a few shots in return and then bolted. The Friendlies went in pursuit and succeeded in capturing five Dervishes. Major Stuart-Wortley and his force continued their march on the right bank in conformity with the general movement.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Macdonald.

An officer with a most interesting career is Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, at the moment in charge of the first brigade of the native troops. Born in 1853, he was apprenticed in Inverness, but speedily made up his mind to be a soldier. He enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders in 1870, and rapidly won promotion to lance-corporal, and, thereafter, through the different grades, to colour-sergeant. His opportunity came with the Afghan War. In 1879 General Roberts was attacked by an ambush in a difficult defile near Kharatiga. It was then that

LIEUT.-COL. H. A. MACDONALD.

Colour-Sergeant Macdonald,

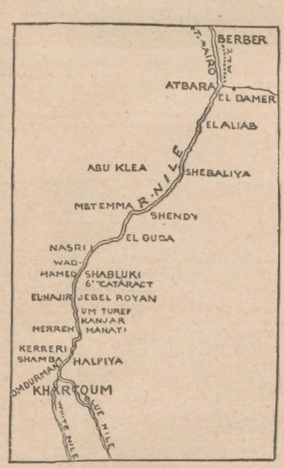
in command of a force of Gordon Highlanders and Sikhs, won honourable mention. When his name was put in orders at Kabul the whole regiment, with band and pipers, carried him round the camp to receive the

Congratulations of General Roberts.

By the latter he was afterwards presented with a sword, suitably inscribed. The name of Macdonald was also prominently connected with several subsequent actions. He was in command of the new 11th Soudanese in the last siege of Suakim. In the Dongola Expedition of 1896—having meanwhile attained the rank of Major—he commanded the Soudanese Brigade throughout the operations, including the battle of Firket, the capture of Hafir, and the occupation of Dongola.

Our Sketch-Map of the Upper Nile

will be found helpful in fixing the various points at which the Anglo-Egyptian forces have halted on the march. Of vast importance was it that the islands opposite Jebel Royan were seized by the gun-boats. This indicated that the Sixth Cataract had been passed, that the dreaded



THE NILE FROM BERBER TO OMDURMAN AND KHARTOUM.

difficulties of the Shabluka Gorge had been surmounted, and that the evacuation of Shabluka was a reality. To those acquainted with the country this came as a great relief, for there could be no doubt that if the Dervishes had chosen to make a resolute stand in the neighbourhood of Shabluka, the advancing force would have had some sharp fighting. The fact that the Sirdar was allowed to pass these natural difficulties without opposition, and that the gun-boats reached the spot where the *Tal Howeiya* was wrecked in July 1895, speaks volumes. The Nile up to Jebel Royan is now under Anglo-Egyptian control. So far as the river is concerned, the way was virtually clear to Omdurman and Khartoum, views of which are given on another page.

The Next Production at the Savoy Theatre will be a revival of "The Sorcerer" and "Trial by Jury," the first of the remarkable series of operas by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert will himself conduct the rehearsals.

Mr. Balfour returned to London on Monday afternoon from Cambridge, accomplishing part of the journey on his bicycle. He went to the Foreign Office immediately, and at five o'clock Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador, called upon him there by appointment.

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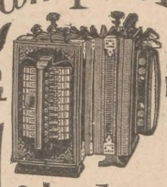

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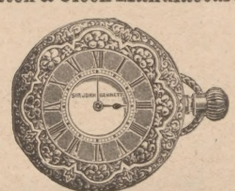

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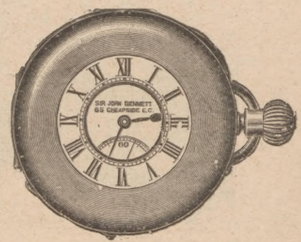

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN, after a more than usually hospitable sojourn at Osborne, has sought the bracing air of her Highland home. Balmoral's keen, invigorating breezes always agree well with Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales seems to have enjoyed his trip to Weymouth and Plymouth right zestfully. At Weymouth the *Osborne* stopped to enable H.R.H. to see the brilliant display of fireworks. The Prince was safely landed from the *Osborne* at Plymouth on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed a drive in the grounds of Mount Edgcumbe House. Towards evening the Prince was taken back to the *Osborne*, and a dinner-party was held on board.

The Emperor William on Saturday evening inspected the model of the new Berlin Cathedral, in company with the architects. Forty new photographs of the Emperor in a tropical uniform, which he will wear on his journey to the East, were taken last week. The uniform is of a thin light brown material.

The Duke of Cambridge Inspected the 2nd Durham Volunteer Artillery at Seaham Harbour, on Saturday last. The Marquis of Londonderry was in command. Addressing the men, the Duke congratulated them on the progress they had made, and said it was unveiled the Emperor Alexander II. Memorial in Moscow last Sunday amid an imposing religious and military ceremony. The Czar then rode past it at the head of the troops. Moscow was illuminated in the evening, and special festivities were held.

Admiral Schley Shares Hobson's Fate and is Kissed.—Remarkable scenes took place in Washington last Saturday on the occasion of the reception of Admiral Schley at the building in which the offices of the State, War and Navy Departments are situated. Nearly all the clerks and others employed in the offices crowded into the corridors. The Admiral was accorded a great ovation. Many of the female employés in their enthusiasm insisted on embracing and kissing him.

The Death of Mr. Arthur Pease, Liberal Unionist member for Darlington, took place at Callington, Cornwall, on Saturday night, of heart disease, we regret to release. The United States Government is unwilling to release prisoners until the final treaty of peace has been signed, but the buildings at Annapolis, where the Spanish officers are, are required for American naval cadets.

hear. The deceased gentleman was sixty-one years of age.

F.-M. Lord Wolseley, who was accompanied by Sir Evelyn Wood, visited Homington Camp on Sunday afternoon, and made a tour of inspection in the camps of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions with the Duke of Connaught.

Mr. A. M. Chambers, President of the Coalowners' Federation of Great Britain, Managing Director of Newton, Chambers, and Co., Thorncliffe Ironworks and Collieries, died at Scarborough last Monday morning.

Sad Death of Dr. Hopkinson and His Children in the Alps.—A telegram has been received at Berne announcing that an Englishman, Dr. Hopkinson, met with a fatal accident on Saturday while attempting the ascent of the Dent Voisivi, in the Valais Canton. He was accompanied by a son and two daughters, but they were without a guide. All lost their lives, it is distressing to learn.

Journalists Vindicated.—Sir Edward R. Russell, Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and President of the Institute of Journalists, delivered an eloquent address in opening the Nottingham Conference last Tuesday. He declared: "British journalists, with the rarest exceptions, are pure, honourable, and unpurchasable. Journalists in this country are found, with scarcely any exception, to be so whenever their fellow-countrymen have any opportunity of testing their private characters or their business methods." The President-elect of the Institute is Sir Wemyss Reid, late editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and now General Manager of Cassell and Co.

The South Wales Coal Strike.—The result of the joint conference of South Wales coalowners and representatives of the miners on strike arrived at on Saturday, at Cardiff, was that the general body of workmen were given until Thursday to decide the following terms offered by the employers: The workmen to have power to give six months'

"From the summit of Royan Hill (wired Reuter's Special Service Man on Aug. 28) can be seen the first view of our objective. On a clear evening away to the south appeared certain dull dark streaks with a splash of white. This was Omdurman, the white building being the Mahdi's tomb. Gordon's nephew was the first to see the white speck on the horizon. The distance is little more than thirty miles."

SITE OF OMDURMAN, THE KHALIFA'S CAPITAL, NEAR KHARTOUM.

The transit from the yacht to the shore was carried out without any ill-effects to the injured knee.

The Princess of Wales at the beginning of the week was still very anxious, we regret to hear, at the grave condition of her aged mother, the Queen of Denmark. The Duke and Duchess of York are expected to arrive at Copenhagen on Sept. 2.

The King of Denmark, the Crown Prince, and Princess Charles and Valdemar of Denmark, together with Prince George of Greece and the Minister of Marine, paid a visit to the British Training Squadron at Copenhagen on Aug. 29.

The Czar's Peace Offering.—The *Official Messenger*, published at St. Petersburg last Sunday, stated that, by order of the Czar, Count Muravieff had handed to all the foreign Representatives at the Russian Court a proposition for a conference to consider the problem of international disarmament.

The Czar, Accompanied by the Czarina, necessary, if the interests of this country were to be maintained, that we should be prepared. He looked upon the Volunteer force as a valuable addition to the defences of the country.

President McKinley, accompanied by his wife, has left the White House for a fortnight's well-earned holiday. The President first proceeded to Somerset, in Pennsylvania, where he spends some days with his brother. Mr. McKinley stopped en route for an hour at Camp Meade, which has recently been established near Harrisburg.

The Spanish-American Peace Negotiations. Senor Sagasta, in an interview with a Spanish Press representative on the subject of the meeting of the Cortes, is represented to have said that as soon as the Chamber met the Government would first of all submit a Bill authorising the peace negotiations, and afterwards the measure relating to the suspension of the constitutional guarantees. The *New York Herald's* Correspondent at Washington states that Spain objects to her naval officers and men being merely liberated on parole, and demands their unconditional release.

notice to terminate the agreement if, after the first day of September 1899, wages are reduced below 12½ per cent. above the standard of 1879. A meeting of the men was held at Cardiff on Wednesday, and a final meeting with the masters was to take place on Thursday.

The Lamentable Scarcity of Water in the East End of London is becoming greater, and in the absence of anything like a continuous rainfall, which would greatly help the East London Waterworks Company, the officials greatly fear that the supply will have to be reduced from a service of six hours a day to one of three hours a day. Mr. Chaplin should see to this.

The Royal Mail Route to Holland is being followed by hosts of English tourists, who have chosen their holidays in the nick of time to enable them to witness the Coronation processions next week in the Dutch capital. Readers desiring particulars should apply to the Great Eastern Railway publishing office, 30, Fleet Street, E.C., for a dainty illustrated pamphlet issued gratis. It is a charmingly got-up brochure, giving particulars of the

M. Denis Guibert, writing in the Paris *Figaro* on Sunday last on the Soudan Campaign, said that no one can now doubt the result of the coming battle round the ruins of Khartoum. "Gordon will be avenged; the British flag will float over the capital of the Soudan, and English influence on the Nile will be definitely established. England has kept her promise to recover the Soudanese provinces for Egypt."

KHARTOUM (WHERE GENERAL GORDON WAS KILLED), TO BE SHORTLY OCCUPIED BY THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TROOPS.

increased facilities for visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, during the present season, viâ the Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route and the Harwich-Antwerp route to the Continent. Another beautifully illustrated guide (to be obtained at the same address) shows how comfortable the Great Eastern Railway steamers are.

The British Mediterranean Squadron, under the command of Sir J. O. Hopkins, has left Castellamare for Terranova. The Italians feasted our Bluejackets in port right heartily.

Gallant F. J. Robinson.—Seldom, if ever, in the annals of the Royal Humane Society, has such a long list of awards been made to plucky live-savers as at the special Court of the Society held recently under the presidency of Colonel Horace Montagu. The meeting was called to consider the merits of a number of applications in connection with the terrible disaster at the launch of H.M.S. *Albion* at Blackwall on the afternoon of June 21. Some twenty brave fellows were awarded the bronze medal of the Society; and certainly none more richly deserved it than Mr. F. J. Robinson, a builder, of 161, Haggerston Road, Kingsland, who succeeded in rescuing fifteen persons alive, recovered ten dead bodies, and assisted in restoring consciousness to six persons, who, but for the timely aid of Robinson and others, would have been added to the list of the dead. The bronze medal of the Society is a badge of honour truly, but for such superhuman exertions as Mr. Robinson put forth the highest honour the Society can give would be none too great a recognition of his bravery. He belongs to the Neptune Swimming Society, and has previously saved nineteen lives from the Regent's Canal.

Mr. F. J. Robinson.

Colonel Sir Herbert Charles Chermside.—Her Majesty has been pleased to grant unto Colonel Sir Herbert Charles Chermside, K.C.M.G., C.B., her Royal license and authority that he may accept and wear the Insignia of the Imperial Order of the Osmanieh of the Second Class, which decoration the Sultan of Turkey has been pleased to confer upon him as a promotion in that Order. Colonel Chermside is a Wiltshire man, having first seen the light in Wilton, which was at one time the county town, and is still celebrated for its carpets and the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Wilton House being erected on the site of a famous abbey founded by a sister of King Egbert in the early part of the ninth century. The son of the Rev. Seymour Chermside, he has just passed his forty-eighth birthday. He is now acting as British Commissioner in Crete, and was formerly Military Attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople. Educated at Eton and Woolwich, he joined the Royal Engineers in 1870. He served in the Egyptian Campaign, and was made Governor in Suakim in 1884, and Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral in 1886. Colonel Chermside speaks fluently nearly all the languages of the East, and has rendered valuable services to the Embassy.

Colonel Sir H. C. Chermside.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, Author of Some of Our Most Beautiful Plays, lives far from the madding crowd; and yet a London omnibus takes one almost to his door—a door which opens on one of the cosiest and most artistic of homes within the radius of suburbia—of which epithet West Kensington must stand accused. But inside Mr. Parker's house all is quiet and cool enough to make one feel miles away from town; and in his study one can be lost in many a dream, for it is the room of a man who loves all in it, and is a collector of curios and keepsakes, the most formidable of which hangs over his head (as he writes), for it is "the sword of renunciation," used in "The Happy Life." By the side of his desk is a little oak bookcase, surmounted by the figure of an angel, carved in oak by a Sherborne carpenter, a pretty emblem of the writer's life and lofty ideals, and a token of the keen regret with

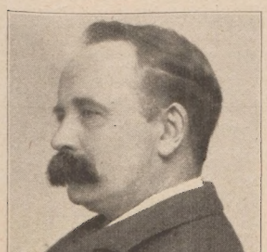

Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER,
Author of "The Termagant."

which the little Somersetshire village parted from him. In one window stands a piano, which reminds one of his great musical gifts, powers which are in danger of being lost sight of in the wider appreciation of his dramatic work. Yet it was music to which he would have devoted his life. His career was altered by the production of his play "A Buried Talent" (written entirely for amateurs). It was seen and admired by Mr. Ben Greet, who produced it at a matinée at the Vaudeville. On the same occasion Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her initial bow to the London public.

Mr. Parker is a Cosmopolitan by Birth and Education. He was born at Cavalos, in France, and spent much of his childhood travelling about the Continent; and Italian was the first language he spoke. To that he soon added French; German is also a tongue of his youth. He first came to England when eighteen, in 1869, and entered the Royal Academy of Music, where he worked under Harold Thomas, Cusins, Walworth, Banister, Steggall, Sterndale Bennett, and Randegger, and was honoured by being made an Associate when he graduated in 1873. Then he was appointed Director of Music at the Sherborne School, a post he held for nine years, and only resigned owing to the promise of success in playwriting. The year 1892 saw

Mr. Parker's First Play upon the Boards; but in the six years which have passed since then he has run up a goodly list of pieces. "A Buried Talent" was soon followed by "Love in a Mist," "The Love-Knot," "The Bohemians," "Chris," "The Sequel," "In Taunton Vale," "David" (with Mr. Murray Carson), "Gudgeons" (ditto), "The Blue Boar" (ditto), "Once Upon a Time" ("Der Talisman"), "The Man in the Street," "The Spell-Bound Garden" (with Mr. Murray Carson), "Love in Idleness" (with Mr. E. J. Goodman), "Rosemary" (with Mr. Murray Carson), "Change Alley" (ditto), "Magda" (Heimath), "The Happy Life," "Ragged Robin" ("La Chemineau"), and "The Termagant"; while those pages yet unseen are: "Launcelot of the Lake," "The Flower of Peace" (with Mr. Wilson Barrett), "Pascabla" (with Mr. Addison Bright), "The Syren," "A Gentleman of Genoa" (with Mr. Murray Carson), the coming play at the Criterion on Mr. Wyndham's return; and also one for Mr. Willard.

The Gallant British Tar always finds a warm corner in all English hearts; and so successful has Mr. Joseph Wilson been in that role in "The French Maid," late of the Vaudeville Theatre, that he has now gone on "the Halls," and quite "on his own" gives a very capital

Photo G.H. Chevener.

MR. JOSEPH WILSON.

"turn" as a typical Tar. He is certainly one of our most attractive singers. He is now working the Syndicate Halls. Mr. Wilson is an Irishman; born in Dublin, but educated at the Islington Proprietary School. He was appointed to a firm on Tower Hill, but after many successes as an amateur vocalist and in St. Botolph's Choir, he deserted the desk for the stage, where he is a great favourite.

The Possel Mystery has occasioned much comment in England and on the Continent. At 61, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, Mrs. Beckett, the widow of a Bank of England official, towards the end of last year took in as paying guest a dark, good-looking young Frenchman, who called himself Joseph Possel, and claimed to be the Marquis de Gondeville. Miss Eleanor Beckett, living in the house with her widowed mother, soon fell in love with the dashing young Frenchman, and a former engagement of hers with a London gentleman was broken off. It is alleged that she handed the sum of £1400 belonging to her to Possel in return for what he called a bond for £3000 payable on the death of his father. Then, at the end of March last, the pair were married at St. Augustine's, Kilburn. The couple went on the Continent, and while in Paris the insurance for over £10,000 (250,000 f.), payment of which is now refused, was effected on Mrs. Possel's life, during the first week in July. By the middle of July they had reached Sorrento, and here they stayed at the Hotel Sirena, every day going out for drives. About the middle of July Mrs. Possel wrote home to Mr. Skeels, the London solicitor, giving him instructions to prepare her will. On July 24, the day of the tragedy, the pair drove out in the usual way; but Possel returned to the hotel alone. Possel was arrested, but after four days in custody was released. His wife perished on July 21. On Aug. 5, three days after he left London, he called at the Paris office of the Urbaine and claimed the amount insured on his wife's death. We next learnt from Paris that Possel committed suicide at the Durand Restaurant, Place de la Madeleine.

The late Mrs. Possel.

The Case of Lieutenant Wark and the Late Miss Yates is another pregnant lesson for the times. On Aug. 26 the Liverpool Coroner held an inquest on the body of a single woman named Yates, who expired under circumstances that pointed to the commission of an illegal operation as the cause of death. At its conclusion, Lieutenant Wark, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, who, it was said, while in Liverpool five years ago in connection

Lieutenant Wark. The late Miss Yates.

with a riding-school, formed the acquaintance of and was intimate with the deceased, was arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting.

Miss Grace Warner, the pretty young actress who was lately the Lady Delilia in "The Sorrows of Satan," has the second leading part in "The Termagant" at Her Majesty's Theatre. She will be best remembered as the only Poppea "The Sign of the Cross" knew during its wonderful run at the Lyric, a gentle, winning Empress, and one who well knew how to manage Nero. Miss Warner is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Warner (who made such a great hit with Mr. Tree in "Ragged Robin") and has been on the stage ten years, dating from her first appearance at her father's benefit at Drury Lane in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." She then earned such warm praise from all that her father decided

Photo Turner and Drinkwater, Hull.

MISS GRACE WARNER.

to take her with him on his Australian tour, and three months later saw her professional début as Sophia in "The Road to Ruin" in the Melbourne Theatre. Later on she played with rare intelligence Shakspereau heroines, as well as all sorts of parts in old and new comedies and melodramas. On her return to England, she was at once secured by the Messrs. Gatti to play the lead in "The English Rose" on tour.

The Strand has for some weeks been shut to cabs and buses, owing to the dilatory repairing of the roadway, a portion of which near Exeter Hall is represented by a *P.I.P.* Snap-shottist. In the interests of the tradesmen whose business is paralysed by such delays, and for the convenience of the numerous visitors to the theatres in the Strand, the local authorities ought surely to bestir themselves, and insist upon more despatch being used. St. Martin's Vestry should rouse itself.

St. Mary's Church.

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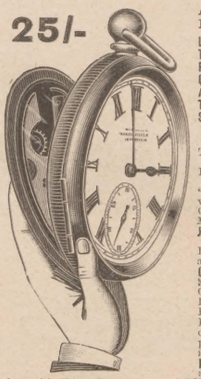

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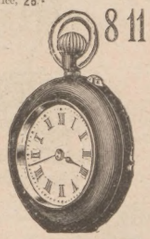

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Rosalind's Fashions.

NICE has it been to breathe the refreshing sea air of one of the healthiest and brightest and most easily accessible Watering Places on the South Coast, where your faithful Rosalind has found it interesting to study the pretty dresses and hats most in vogue. In Fig. 1 you see a hat from fashionable Folkestone, which is this season surpassing itself for smartness of attire. It is a Leghorn, which straw has been much in favour lately. The brim is dropped back and front *a la* "Trelawney," the space under the sides being broken

DAINTY LEGHORN HAT AT FOLKESTONE.

by groups of damask and yellow roses. A scarf of black chiffon is twisted round the crown—on the right side of which is grouped another knot of roses—and breaks into large fan-bows on the left side, where a long paste slide holds it. Light, shady, and modish exceedingly, this hat suited the lady who wore it; but I consider the sharp outline of the brim would render it unsuitable to anyone with sharp features, which it should be the object of the head-covering and the hair to soften.

* * *

Fig. 2 is sketched from one of the new coat models for this autumn and winter wear, and is typical of the jacket which will be most in vogue for general use. This, it will be seen, is semi-fitting; the back tight, and fronts loose and double-breasted. It is about a quarter of a yard below the waist in length, and has smart little hip-pockets. The trimming or ornamentation consists of rows of piping; three on either side, it will be noted in our model, which is of pale fawn cloth with an over-lay of velvet on the collar. Stitchings and pipings will be almost the sole decoration of tailor-mades this fall season, braiding having had its day.

AN AUTUMN COAT.

* * *

Fig. 3 shows a dainty tea-gown, from the hands of a notable modiste. This is made in Chartreuse-green silk, cut "Princesse" over an under-robe of the same, the bodice of which is covered with tiny frills of white silk muslin, the same bordering the hem of the petticoat, and also forming the sleeves. The throat is bare, and neck finished by a broad collar edged with a muslin frill, and the whole is finished by knots of green ribbon, and true lovers' knots and edgings of jewelled passementerie, which will be much used.

A DAINTY NEW TEA-GOWN.

"P.I.P." SUMMER TALES.

For Her Mother's Sake.

BY PERCY RUSSELL,

Author of "A Cumberland Tragedy," "A Husband's Ordeal," "A Burnemouth Romance," "Tales of Peril," etc.

[COPYRIGHT.]

ALTHEA CODRINGTON was in high spirits. Hers was a sunny nature. Her fine silky, golden hair framed one of those open, fair, child-like faces which mark out those cheerful, soaring, yet often somewhat thoughtless spirits that bring to all within their sphere light and life.

For some years, however, she had been cruelly borne down by anxiety—loving, tender anxiety for her widowed mother, who had been left, with a very small annuity and in declining health, to the charge of her only child.

Thea, as she was familiarly called, by her musical talents and patient painstaking had succeeded in adding considerably to their narrow means. Unfortunately, Mrs. Codrington grew worse, and the doctors assured her daughter that her mother's one chance of living longer was to be found at Bournemouth.

Thea, it is true, by making wonderful efforts, had now obtained a few pupils among the residents of the "Happy Valley," as the pine-shaded banks of the Bourne River are called; but just now she was much exercised how to procure for her darling mother those extra comforts that the new doctor had pronounced essential.

"If," said Dr. Collins, who had been summoned consequent on Mrs. Codrington's sudden relapse, "you mean to keep your mother alive you must give her the things of which I have made a list."

"If!" repeated Thea, rather indignantly to herself. How undiscerning this pompous, dogmatic doctor was, for was she not ready to nourish her beloved mother on her very heart's blood, had that been possible? The doctor had pencilled down on his prescription champagne, Valentine's essence, and a few other expensive things which meant a great deal more than the Codringtons could possibly afford just then. Thea, however, had prospects of an additional pupil in about a month's time, but this was contingent on her continuing to find favour with Miss Coralie Cornwall, who took lessons of her; and how could her mother, poor Thea asked, wait a month?

The Codringtons were proud as well as impecunious, and neither mother nor daughter would on any consideration have appealed for help to their relatives or friends. Thus Thea had been in dire distress how to obtain those dainties and comforts which, so she believed, meant to her mother just life.

On this particular day, however, her spirits had rebounded. Mrs. Codrington had rallied a little, and then Thea had again met at the house of her best pupil, Coralie Cornwall, a certain young man to whom she had taken a violent liking.

Coralie Cornwall was a tall, stately, black-eyed, dark-haired beauty, who prided herself upon the good-nature she did not really possess, and revelled in patronising those whom she termed "poor girls." That is, up to a certain point, when she suddenly tired of her particular favourite, and turned towards the homage of some new dependant.

Coralie had taken a violent fancy to Thea, whom she regarded as a simpleton in respect to her exaggerated goodness, as it seemed to her, to her sick mother. Nevertheless, out of pity Miss Cornwall had asked her to several social functions when Charlie Norman had been among the guests. He was a rich young bachelor, staying at Bournemouth for his health ostensibly, but in reality seeking a wife. Coralie already considered him her slave. She thought that surely those were only empty, half-mocking compliments that he sometimes addressed to Thea—a washed-out, weak, flaxen-haired doll!

Now Coralie had asked Thea to help at her stall at a grand bazaar to be held for a local charity. She reflected that her young music-mistress would form a good foil for her own superb beauty, and what she deemed her queen-like presence.

Immediately after this matter had been arranged, Coralie had seen a little and heard a little that caused her to rage inwardly at having invited Thea to help at her stall. The latter, innocent of all this, was elated at this bright spot in her melancholy routine of teaching and nursing.

Charlie Norman, too, had said he was glad Miss Codrington would be present, and as Coralie was actually anticipating a declaration of love from him, she repented now that Thea was to share the glories of her stall, which would, she believed, outshine every other in the whole bazaar. She considered that her dependent had been ungrateful; and now she would on the first opportunity crush her as a dangerous rival. Charlie Norman, she thought, must be a born fool to go "philandering" around that vapid flaxen-haired doll, who trudged daily to her pupils' houses, and had a querulous mother upon her hands, and not sixpence of her own in the world! Now Coralie had a nice little income of two hundred a year, and fond parents who heaped expensive gifts upon their handsome daughter. Naturally, then, she considered herself as a personage of the greatest importance.

The day of the bazaar came. Coralie took extraordinary pains with her personal adornment, being quite resolved to detach Charlie Norman from his infatuation for Thea, and then by some means or other to bring that foolish young man to bow down before her regal beauty.

Poor Thea was no longer elated. Her mother was worse, and with the invalid's selfishness had been lamenting over their grinding poverty. Thus, when Thea arrived at the stall of which Coralie had made such a gorgeous display, she felt extremely sad. That sadness, though she knew it not, heightened her charms, and notwithstanding the proximity of Coralie, she looked very attractive.

Coralie wore rich black lace gold-embroidered, and a profusion of crimson flowers; and all this really accentuated the lily-like appearance of Thea in white muslin, and with some lilies-of-the-valley in her bosom.

Coralie was self-satisfied, and therefore complacent. She soon caught a glimpse of Charlie Norman, and inwardly resolved to complete her conquest over that young gentleman before the end of the bazaar, and at the same time thoroughly humiliate her humble rival.

When the closing day came, Thea was tired out and sick at heart. Her mother was much worse, and more complaining and pessimistic than she had ever known her to be before. The poor girl had left home that last day in deep despair, and had half resolved not to go again into a scene of brightness and gaiety which made her only more mournful.

Thea had taken some money, but Coralie had grumbled, declaring that she had never seen such a timid and stupid saleswoman. "I have set my heart on getting more than anybody else," she complained, "and but for your ridiculous modesty, I should have done so already."

Thea did not retort. She resolved, however, to try and redeem herself on this the last day. When Coralie, therefore, pressed her to make excursions round after likely looking customers, she readily consented, and for her first attempt selected a very æsthetic table-cover priced at one guinea.

Coralie hoped during Thea's absence to attract and detain Charlie Norman, who had already patronised her stall. Imagine, then, her keen mortification to see that young gentleman take himself off a few minutes later, and follow Thea. Coralie pursued the pair with angry, jealous eyes, and now, in her exasperation, she vowed vengeance against "that deceitful girl," who gave herself such absurd airs. Then a thought struck Coralie. She beckoned to a friend and admirer of hers, a young lady who thought Coralie was the veritable queen of Bournemouth, and whispered—

"I want you to watch Miss Codrington, and notice what she says and does."

Meanwhile, Thea did not speed well in her endeavours to sell the art table-cover. Suddenly she found herself stopped by Charlie Norman, whose kind, blue eyes were just then full of sympathy and mischief.

"What's the figure?" he asked, touching the cloth with his finger.

"One guinea," replied Thea, casting down her eyes and feeling confused at his manner, more than at the abruptness of their meeting.

"A guinea? Oh, come, that's too little. You don't know how to charge. But I must have that cloth, so please take this piece of paper in exchange."

He gently drew the table-cover from one unresisting hand and at the same time slipped a five-pound note into the other. Thea flushed. At that moment the thought of her mother's sore needs came to her like a sudden sting. She replied—

"But I have no change."

"Nor I either. Give the difference to one of your own charities; you can do that better than I. They 'll give you change there," pointing to a stall close by, and adding: "I insist on this. Don't tell Coralie—Miss Cornwall I mean."

He turned quickly away, leaving Thea holding the note, and looking very like a person lost in a trance.

Poor Thea was, indeed, confused and amazed. Again she remembered her mother and her wants. Did Charlie Norman really know aught of their circumstances? What a vast amount of good she could do her mother with the change out of that note! Just then Thea was herself weak and ill, for she had eaten little all that day; and now, acting on impulse, she went to the stall indicated and obtained change. Then she returned to Coralie.

"So you sold the cover?"

"Yes," replied Thea, putting down the sovereign and shilling.

Coralie observed how white the girl looked, and wondered. She said nothing, however, but gave Thea some more articles with which to try her "luck" again. Thea turned away as one in a dream, but though she solicited several people, she found no more customers, and in due course wended her weary way back to the stall, where Coralie stood looking, Thea thought, very strange indeed.

"Oh!" remarked that young lady, "you've brought them back again. You've not been quite so fortunate this time. I really advise you to go home. I'll stay and finish up. Mind, now, that you come to-morrow to give me my music-lesson."

Thea was now giddy and tremulous. She felt an indescribable sense of shame as she thought of the money she had accepted from Charlie Norman. She was even on the point of pouring it all out before Miss Cornwall, but she remembered her mother, her darling mother, and her pressing needs. One idea alone dominated her as she went forth, and that was that Dr. Collins had declared that unless Mrs. Codrington had the things he had specified she would just die!

* * * * *

The following day Thea went to the Cornwalls, and was as usual shown into the back drawing-room, where she gave Coralie her lessons. Heavy curtains in the daytime generally screened this apartment from the front drawing-room. Thea now sat just against the portière, waiting for Coralie. In a few minutes that young lady entered the room. She did not offer to shake hands, but remained haughtily standing, regarding Thea with a hard and an insulting expression in her handsome face.

"Well?" was her short greeting.

Thea looked the surprise she felt. Whatever could have happened to make Coralie receive her like this?

"As you won't speak, I must. Perhaps you don't know that you were watched yesterday."

"Watched?"

Thea stared in utter amazement.

"Yes, watched and found to be a thief. Do you hear that?" Coralie stamped her foot. "You were seen to take a five-pound note for that table-cloth, and you only accounted for one guinea. Now you will please to leave this town, or I shall expose you. Can you deny your guilt?"

Thea tottered.

The remembrance of what she had done crushed her and smote upon her, to her over-wrought fancy, like a furnace-blast. She grasped at a chair to steady herself.

"The cover was a guinea," she stammered, "and that you had."

"So you confess it then. Give me the difference and leave the town and I 'll say nothing about it."

Thea felt her heart ready to break. Alas, she had not all the money, and whatever should she do?

Coralie regarded her with a pitiless triumph.

"I 'll condone the theft," she rejoined icily, "and let you keep the stolen money; but you must go, you and your mother. Do you hear?"

Thea was fainting now. The horror of the whole thing overwhelmed her. She was actually falling, when the curtains were torn apart and Charlie Norman swept to her side. He caught her on his arm.

"Miss Cornwall," he said, bowing very low, "I was shown into the other room and have heard all. I expected to find Miss Codrington here, hence my call. Allow me to explain. I gave her that note that she might have the change for her own charities, not for yours—you, who do not know what charity is. I heard from my doctor of Miss Codrington's mother, and that she was dying for want of the comforts with which you are smothered. That is why I forced the note on Miss Codrington. You have used towards her a dreadful word—I ask you to withdraw it—for if only she will accept me, I am going to make your dependent my wife."

Coralie turned almost green with rage and mortification. If looks could kill, both her visitors would have fallen dead at her feet.

She could not speak immediately, but she managed to ring the bell in a fury of inarticulate passion. When the servant came she just succeeded in saying—

"Show these people out!"

Charlie smiled and led Thea forth. Once in the open air, he drew her arm tenderly in his, and, as her head inclined towards his shoulder, as though for support, he said—

"You will be my wife, won't you, dear, for your mother's sake?"

He read her answer in her sympathetic eyes.

THE END.

She: "I do so love music." Busy Brother: "Then I wonder you don't leave off playing."

"There!" said Mr. J——, after a laboured explanation of why he had stayed out so late, "I hope that is satisfactory." "It is more than satisfactory," said his better half, "it is simply beautiful."

Groom: "A ring round the moon is a sign of rain." Bride (sweetly): "And a ring round a woman's finger is a sign of ——" Groom (sadly): "Reign."

MANY A TRUE WORD, ETC.

SELPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SELPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads, and all Disfigurements, developing a fair spotless skin, and beautiful complexion. Try SELPHOLINE LOTION, Shilling Bottles.—[ADVT.]

THE NEW SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

The "P.I.P." Farmer.

BY A FRESH HAND.

A Showy Bloom.

FROM the description sent by a Midland correspondent, the plant he is so anxious to identify is the Kniphofia, a very showy bloom that just now is very popular, particularly in South Country gardens. It is sometimes called

The Torch Lily, the Flame Flower, or the Red-Hot Poker,

all very good names. It is quite unlike all other border-plants, its noble aspect and showy flower-spikes rendering it a very prominent object in any garden in which it finds a place. From a dense root-foliage rise stout stems, surmounted with thousands of small fiery-red flowers, and it is a most valuable plant for shrubberies, flower-borders, beds on lawns, and wild gardens. During very severe winters a little protection with straw or bracken should be given. There are many varieties of the plant, among the best and easiest grown being Burchelli, dark-red passing to orange; Macowani, beautiful soft coral red; Monarch, orange scarlet; Nelsoni, narrow flower heads of brilliant shades of scarlet; and Sulphurea, fine sulphur yellow. A very fine selection can be made from these varieties, and few plants are more effective at a very little cost.

KNIPHOFIA.

Folding Camp-Stool for Anglers.

I have been asked to recommend a folding camp-stool, suitable for use by anglers or sportsmen camping out on the moors. There are several really good ones in the market, and although personally I prefer to use the well-made walking-stick seats so popular among coursing and shooting-men, I think the one of which I give an illustration is well worth a trial. All told, it weighs but 2½lb., and the size, closed, is 19 by 4 by 1¾ inches, compactness and a minimum of weight thus being combined. Another very great consideration is that its length admits of package in a fishing-basket, shooting-bag, or a knapsack. When fully extended it is the height of an ordinary chair, and is capable of carrying the greatest weight. It is, indeed, a most handy little camp-stool, and I do not think my correspondent will regret selecting this one, which is on sale at most ironmongers' and furnishers', from the very large number now stocked by all dealers.

PORTABLE CAMP-STOOL.

Stack-Sheets.

A while ago a reader, residing in one of the most remote districts of Wales, wrote for advice as to the use of stack-sheets. Until then I was certainly of opinion that their use was general, but, to oblige my correspondent, I furnished him with the name and address of a good maker. In acknowledging receipt of the list, my correspondent, who is a farmer in a large way, expresses his astonishment that the sheets are so cheap, and suggests that, for the benefit of readers residing in localities quite as remote as his own, I should give a sketch and particulars as regards price of a really good sheet. I am very pleased to do this, for, considering how very cheaply crops can be kept in condition by the timely use of a stack-sheet, it is a thousand pities their use is not more general. Dutch barns are all very well in their way, and they are now much cheaper than was the case on first introduction to this country; but, to my mind, the stack-sheets are quite as useful, and their cheapness, as can be seen by the appended list, is indisputable. The sizes and prices of the medium quality sheets are as follows: 8 yards by 6 yards, 36s.; 8 yards by 8 yards, 48s.; 10 yards by 8 yards, 60s.; 12 yards by 10 yards, 90s. Any size can be made to order at proportionate prices, and brass eyelets and stout Manila cords are supplied free of charge with each sheet. The selections made are from one of the leading makers' lists, but his prices do not vary much from those of any other manufacturer.

A STACK SHEET.

Practical Instruction in Poultry Keeping.

A circular sent out by the Registrar of the University Extension College, Reading, a copy of which has reached me, is well worth the attention not only of those engaged in farming, able to spare the necessary time and money to attend the course of lectures arranged to be given, but also members of public bodies—such as County Councils and higher-grade schools—who have the power to arrange for similar advantages to be placed before the inhabitants of other districts. The following is the

Syllabus.

1. Introduction. Origin of fowl.
2. Anatomy of the fowl.
3. Classification. Varieties of poultry.
4. Varieties of poultry. Waterfowl and turkeys.
5. Selection and breeding.
6. Houses and housing.
7. Hatching (natural). Management of the sitting-hen.
8. Rearing of chickens.
9. Artificial hatching and rearing.
10. Formation of the egg and chicken.
11. Values of food and methods of feeding.
12. Fattening and marketing of chickens.
13. Management and fattening of waterfowl and turkeys.
14. Preservation and packing of eggs.
15. Diseases of poultry.

Demonstrations will be given, with all the modern appliances connected with both natural and artificial methods of hatching, rearing, feeding, and fattening. Students will also be trained in the killing, shaping, dressing, and trussing of table-poultry. In addition to the lectures, three hours will be devoted each day to practical work. Special attention will be given to the preparation of teachers.

Indigestion in Dogs.

An Eastern Counties correspondent, "K. E. R.," who writes me for advice as to the treatment of his dog, whom he suspects of having distemper, is quite wrong in attributing the behaviour of his pet to that dire and disastrous ailment. What the dog really suffers from is indigestion, and "K. E. R." or someone in his household, is responsible for it. Dogs should not be fed at all hours of the day, or given dainties the composition of which, like the sausage, is open to very grave suspicion; and far more dogs die of over-feeding than of anything else, except, of course, natural decay or distemper. The symptoms are a dislike for wholesome food, and a craving for hotly spiced or highly sweetened diet, while thirst and sickness are also very marked. A love for

Eating String, Wood, Thread, and Paper—

often erroneously put down to the prompting of a mischievous instinct—is a sure sign that the digestive organs of the dog require attention, and this may best be done by keeping the canine without food for, say, twenty-four hours, and then giving him plain, wholesome food, first in the shape of one meal a day, and then decreasing it in quantity, but giving it thrice, morning, noon, and night. At the same time

Regular Exercise and a Cold Bath

every morning must be given, providing the dog can stand the shock of cold water—if not, this part of the restorative treatment may be omitted—whilst the following mixture, which any chemist will make up into eight, sixteen, or thirty pills according to the size of the dog—may be given in doses of two a day: Extract of hyoscyamus sixteen grains, sodæ carb, half an ounce, extract of gentian, half an ounce, ferri carb, half an ounce. If anything is thought of the dog the treatment I have prescribed will be found well worth the trouble, and the dog will be all the better for his enforced period of medical treatment.

Answers to Correspondents unavoidably postponed till next week.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of the *P.I.P.*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

["Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to name or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER FOR FIRST TIME.—Possibly the British Museum or the South Kensington Museum authorities would give you an idea of the value of the document.

C. C.—There are several firms of the name you mention. The Law Society would probably be able to give you the necessary information. Without seeing the document to which you refer we could not advise as to its effect. But there should be a valuable consideration contained therein, and the document would have to be stamped.

DAVIS.—You could not sell the house. But your husband is liable to provide for you and your children.

ANXIOUS IGNORAMUS.—All real property would descend to the husband for life; afterwards to the eldest son. Personalty would all go to husband.

STOCKTON.—If you could prove damage you have a remedy by an action. But if you think of adopting this course a solicitor's assistance would be necessary.

DARWEN.—You only have a remedy against the borrower. Issue summons at your nearest county court.

FORREST.—The will should be drawn by a solicitor, as questions might otherwise arise hereafter.

R. H. E.—We should say that under the circumstances your word would be sufficient. But you should balance the books and keep accounts of all transactions.

F. E. L.—If you can prove that any persons have injured the birds you have your remedy by an action for damages.

G. O.—The notice is sufficient and you must vacate possession in a week.

A. R. R.—You should have had a written agreement, as without this you are in an awkward position and stand little chance of succeeding in an action for damages. But as a very technical point is involved, you might consult a solicitor if you think it advisable.

J. B.—It would be an expensive matter, especially as their whereabouts are unknown.

S. SMITH.—The local Registrar of Marriages would give you full particulars.

EC LALEO.—If you can trace all or a great number of the descendants of the person to whom the money belonged, you could then see a solicitor. But proceedings in any event would prove expensive, and possibly fruitless.

MAX.—(1) Effingham Wilson and Co., Royal Exchange, E.C., publish a book such as you require. (2) Yes; you could obtain a copy thereof upon payment of the fees therefor.

A. O. M.—The watch and chain would, failing a specific bequest, be the property of the residuary legatee under your father's will.

OTHER REPLIES next week.

"P.I.P." Readers who write to complain of the difficulty of obtaining the paper in certain towns should make it a point to order, in advance, the *P.I.P.* to be supplied by their Newsagents regularly every Friday morning.

LEX.

During a Parliamentary Election a somewhat amusing incident occurred. A lady had occasion to go into her kitchen, and, noticing that the floorcloth was getting very threadbare, said to her cook: "Well, Mary, I think that we must get you some new canvas soon." "Oh, if I was you, Mum, I'd wait a bit," replied Mary. "Why?" asked her mistress. "Oh, I heard they was going to canvass the town for the 'lections; and if you wait until they are over, you'd be sure to get some cheap!" The girl spoke in all good faith, believing that the streets were to be carpeted with canvas.

REMEMBER THE BLACK BEETLES, horrid things, and be sure to tell cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace last thing at night with KEATING'S POWDER, the unrivalled killer of fleas, beetles, moths. Harmless to animals. Sold only in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. each.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

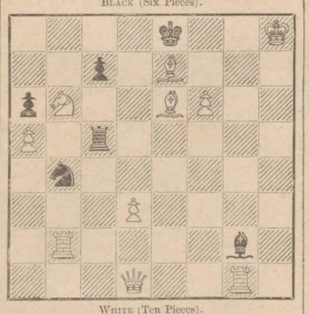
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 237.

1. R to B 7th	K takes Kt.	2. Q to Kt 2nd	Mate
1. „	P takes P	2. Q to Kt 4th	„ etc.

PROBLEM No. 238.—BY W. H. GUNDRY.

BLACK (Six Pieces).



WHITE (Ten Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

DRAWN GAME.

The announcement that the encounter between two noted players in a tournament has resulted in a drawn game often causes disappointment, as an outcome of which both players are blamed. This is unjust, as everybody should know who has read Æsop's Fables. The lion must take care that the donkey should not outwit him; he must not too hotly and heedlessly run the race. When Charousek meets Schlechter the former does wisely in meeting Schlechter with his own tactics, and not running into danger by trying to upset them; for if there is one thing more undesirable than that Charousek should draw with Schlechter, it is that Charousek should lose to him. We append the game to which our remarks refer—

Game between CHAROUSEK and SCHLECHTER.

WHITE. (Charousek).	BLACK. (Schlechter).	WHITE. (Charousek).	BLACK. (Schlechter).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Q R to K B 1st	R to B 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. Kt to Q 1st	Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. P to K 4th	B to R 6th
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to Q 2nd	B takes R
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	23. Q takes R	Q to Kt 4th
7. B to K 3rd	B takes B	24. R to R 1st	B to K 3rd
8. P takes B	Kt to Q R 4th	25. Q to R 7th	Q to Q 1st
9. B to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B	26. Kt to K 3rd	Q to Q B 1st
10. R P takes Kt	Castles	27. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt
11. Castles	Kt to K 2nd	28. R takes B	K to Kt 1st
12. Q to K 1st	P to K B 4th	29. Q to B 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
13. P takes P	B takes P	30. P to R 3rd	Q to K 2nd
14. Q to R 4th	P to R 3rd	31. Q to R 7th	Q to Q 1st
15. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to R 1st	32. P to K Kt 4th	P to B 4th
16. Q to Q Kt 4th	B to Q Kt 1st	33. R to R 2nd	Drawn
17. R to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 4th		

DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The king on square 3 should be a black man.

H. O. R. (Singapore).—Problem has dual solution by 15 11. Please rectify.

CAPTAIN CHALLICE.—Thanks for Record, etc.

A. COLEMAN.—Card received. Will complete the solution.

E. J. HEWITT.—Please repeat Problem.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 194.—BY O. SMITH.

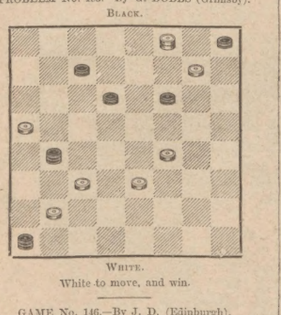
Black: 2, 7, 9, 18, 20, 27K.
White: 6, 14, 21, 23, 28, 5K.

White to move, and win.

14 10	14—21	28 24	20—27
7—14	23 14	2— 9	32 23
21 17	9—18	5 32	W. wins.

PROBLEM No. 195.—By G. DOBBS (Grimsby).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 146.—By J. D. (Edinburgh).

(5) "CROSS."

11—15	18—23	11—16	8—15	23—26
23 18*	19 15	12 14	18 11	30 23
8—11	11—18	7—10	10—15	19—26
27 23	22 15	14 7	11 7	7 11
4—8	10—19	3—10	12—16	16—20
23 19	24 15	25 22	22 17	32 28
9—14	14—18	18—25	15—19	26—31
18 9	31 27	29 22	7 2	11 15
5—14	7—11	1—5	6—9	31—26
22 17	28 24	27 18	17 13	13 9
15—18	2— 7	16—23	9—14	26—22
26 22	24 19	15 11	2 7	Drawn.

Mr. Marvin Dana, the New Editor of "Judy," has brightened up this favourite comic paper. A series of caricatures of leading actors is now appearing weekly, and Mr. Dana announces that he has arranged for the publication of a number of humorous novelties. One of these is now running: droll stories of actual experiences, told to *Judy* by famous men. Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Sheriff Dewar, and Mr. John Hare have already contributed to this series.

THE FAVOURITE COCOA.—The Editor of the *Medical Magazine* writes: "CADBURY'S is, without question, the favourite Cocoa of the day. For purity, for Strength, and for Nourishment, there is nothing superior to be found." Insist on having Cadbury's—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other cocoas are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.—[ADVT.]

The Best Cure For Headache

is that which relieves the sufferer immediately, however serious the headache may be. One of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times, strongly recommended by the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and which has a marvellous instantaneous power of curing headache is

Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine.

It acts as an invigorating tonic for the tired body and overworked brain, is pleasant to take and most refreshing, and is immediately effective in dispelling all feelings of weariness. Test it, and take care that label bears name of Alfred Bishop. Of all chemists, 1/1½ & 2/-.

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FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, CHILDREN, & THE AGED.

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2 Gallons for 4½d.

Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the summer. Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. with their

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

have supplied a want that has so long been felt. EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. Of all Grocers, or a sample will be sent free for six stamps. G. FOSTER CLARK & CO., No. 51, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

THE "P.I.P." RURAL ARTICLES are now written by a fresh hand—an Experienced Agriculturist.

FOWLER ON THE MANŒUVRES, TRANSCRIBED BY THE "P.I.P.'S" TROOPER TOMMY.

(*Continued from Front Page.*)

horses had to be brought up to help wagons along, which but for this aid must have been stuck for ever, as the horses drawing them were utterly unequal to the task. I had arrived at the bottom of the rather steep hill which led to the camp. It was raining hard, and sweating, straining teams were struggling and plunging on the chalky road, striving to pull up the cranky wagons amid a Babel of shouts and curses from the drivers, when Fowler came along again.

"Well, Burglar, I 'm fed up. 'Ere we 've bin a sittin' in this blarsted *pawnee* for an hour or more, and some of the troops ain't got their tents yet. It 's all very fine makin' experiments with civvy transports, but blow me if I don't think it comes

Perishin' 'ard on the Tommies.

"I know as I 'm fair choked orf. 'Ere I 've been lookin' for my bloke's kit Lord knows 'ow long, and it seems as if I 'll 'ave to look. Cribbin', am I? Well, I just reckon as you 'd crib, too, if you was in my boots. Wet through, no grub, and waiting for some damned son of a swab as is gettin' drunk while an officer of the Queen's Army waits for 'im. Allo! 'ere 'e is! Look at 'im, the bleeder! Bin 'avin' a drive in the country, you perisher? Garn——" But here I had to come away.

I can Stand Fowler's Language

fairly well, but when it comes to a match between him and one of the "civilian transport" that is at present making our troops look as ridiculous as anything well could, I think it better to clear out. I know quite enough cuss-words to get on with as it is.

The Northern and Southern Armies put in some good manœuvring and marching work last Monday in preparation for the campaign. The Duke of Connaught (of whom and of Lord Wolseley photographs are given on the front page) had all the component parts of his force, with the exception of the cavalry, in the field at the same moment—the 1st Division (General F. W. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B.) moving out from Wilton Camp, the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, commanded by Major-General C. F. Clery, C.B., and Major-General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., respectively, from Homington, and the Corps of Artillery (Colonel C. W. Thompson, R.A.) from Ford Camp. The result was an exceedingly pretty spectacle. Acting under a general idea that the Army corps assembled in the neighbourhood of Salisbury had received information that the advanced troops of an invading force had reached Ringwood, the special idea as affecting the Salisbury troops was that they were to oppose the advance of the enemy by every means in their power. As the *Daily News* special said, the Duke and his staff gave a nice little exhibition of cross-country riding as they swept across from one flank to the other to pay a flying visit of inspection. This over, the two divisions on each flank retired towards Homington and Odstock, while their retreat was covered by the guns pointing grimly significant to their front.

Photo Knight, Aldershot.

TOMMY ATKINS GETTING HIS HAND IN FOR THE ARMY MANŒUVRES: THE RUDYARD KIPLING OF THE CITY OF LONDON FUSILIERS TELLS A STORY OUTSIDE THE CANTEEN.

Lord Gregory.

GENERAL LUCK, CAVALRY COMMANDER.

TOMMY ATKINS KEEPS HIS SPIRITS UP AT ATBARA: A SATURDAY EVENING SING-SONG.

The Coming Inauguration Fêtes of the Young Queen of Holland at Amsterdam.

WE must go back for more than half a century to find any public function appealing so strongly to the chivalrous and sympathetic side of human nature as the accession of the young Queen of Holland, which will be celebrated in Amsterdam next week, and to witness the fêtes in honour of which event many of our readers have doubtless already taken their tickets. Sixty-one years ago

Our Own Beloved Queen

became Sovereign of the most powerful Empire in the world, and was greeted by the rapturous enthusiasm of the nation. The long and glorious reign of Britain's Empress-Queen has more than fulfilled the hopes of the English people when a pure, religiously brought-up young girl mounted the Throne in succession to her elderly uncle. That simple-minded maiden of eighteen is now a venerable and venerated old lady nearing her eightieth year, and her wise and prosperous reign is irradiated by the soft glow of a mellow sunset.

To the Girl-Queen of Holland

it is, as yet, but bright sunrise, and she has

Photo Cornaal, Amsterdam.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND IN HER REGAL ROBES.

to make good the fair promise of her youth. Fortunately, there is every prospect that she will do so, for her training and character are eminently calculated to render her a successful Sovereign. She has had the inestimable advantage of being left entirely in her mother's hands since her father's death in 1890, when she was ten years of age.

English people know how excellently the Duchess of Albany has brought up her children, and her sister,

Queen Emma of Holland,

has shown the same judicious kindness and firmness in bringing up her one daughter. During the lifetime of the late King of Holland, little Princess Wilhelmina ran every risk of being over-indulged. The irascible and imperious King—he was sixty-three when his daughter was born—idolised the child, who could always charm him to smiles—at least, for herself. It was probably this early and unwise petting that left that strain of masterfulness and self-importance in the daughter, which Queen Emma has so successfully directed into a right channel. Unlike Queen Victoria,

Queen Wilhelmina

has always known and felt her own importance, and has taken very good care to impress it upon those about her. Readers may possibly remember an anecdote *re* the visit of the German Emperor to the Hague, when the Queen—then about fourteen—insisted upon being present at the State banquet given in his honour. Her mother told her that she was too young to appear at any State function; but the girl persisted, and refused to go to bed at her usual hour. The Queen-Regent had to conduct her rebellious daughter to her room herself, whereupon her irate girl-Majesty exclaimed, "I will go on the balcony, and tell the Dutch people how you abuse their Queen!"—a threat which was not fulfilled. On another occasion she wished to speak to her mother, and was informed by one of the Court officials that she could not do so, as the Regent was then giving audience to the Minister of War.

"Pardon Me, Mynheer,

but the Queen of the Netherlands can go to her mother whenever she pleases," was the haughty retort, and go she did. These little instances of independence are, however, rare, and it is far pleasanter to dwell upon the many fine qualities of Queen Wilhelmina.

She is Warm-Hearted and Generous

to a degree, and full of healthy spirits. One day, when a little girl, she was driving with her mother, in an open carriage, through a narrow street, when she saw some schoolboys snowballing a few little girls. The young Queen immediately jumped out and imperiously ordered the boys to stop. Their only reply was to snowball the Queen instead of the other girls. She faced them pluckily, and filling both hands with snow,

Began the Battle,

when the Royal footman came upon the scene and informed the urchins that it was the Queen of Holland whom they were attacking, whereupon they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, to the great regret of the Queen, who exclaimed, looking at her handful of snow—"I do wish that I could have thrown it at them."

As an example of her consideration for her people, we may cite her behaviour when one of the provinces of her country gave a week of fêtes in her honour. The weather was all that it should not have been. It rained in torrents the entire seven days. The youthful Queen, however, insisted upon driving about and showing herself to the crowds of people who had come to see her, and this she did every day in an open carriage, in spite of getting thoroughly cold and wet each time.

As might be supposed, Queen Wilhelmina is a very highly and

Thoroughly Educated Young Lady.

Her first governess was French, and as long as her father lived he would not allow her to learn German, so much did he detest the Germans. Miss Winter, her English governess, is still with Her Majesty, and a Dutch lady, Miss Van der Poll. The Queen now

Speaks and Writes English, French, and German

as readily as she does Dutch. She has been well drilled in constitutional knowledge as it concerns her kingdom, and history is her favourite study. She has a remarkably clear head and good memory, and is very quick at grasping the main points of all she reads or hears. Like most European Sovereigns, she is an early riser, and is nearly always found awake when called at seven o'clock. Up to last year she began studies at nine o'clock, after breakfasting at eight. At half-past eleven she drove; lunched with her mother at half-past twelve; and after luncheon had another drive or walk, generally with the Queen-Regent. Then studies until four, and amusement until dinner at half-past six.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND IN EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

Besides the Royal Palaces at the Hague and Amsterdam,

the Queen has the Palace in the Woods, at the Hague, Het Loo, in Gelderland, and the Palace of Soestdijk, where she now is, and which is near the pretty summer resort, Baarm.

Attached to all the country palaces are spacious grounds, where the Queen has from childhood had freedom and every possible recreation.

She Skates, Drives, and Rides,

and is a capital hand at all these exercises. She is devoted to horses and dogs, and her favourite Irish setter, "Swell," has been photographed with his Royal mistress several times.

Het Loo is said to be the Queen's favourite residence, and here she

Has Her Miniature Farm

and a charming little châlet. Like the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Queen Wilhelmina has been allowed to indulge that taste for domestic duties which seems to be inherent in girls. She attends, or rather did attend, to the farm and châlet herself, and took much pride in the excellent produce of farm and dairy, which is distributed among the poor of the neighbourhood.

With Regard to Marriage, Queen Wilhelmina

has sometimes declared her intention of following the example of Queen Elizabeth of England, and remaining in "maiden meditation, fancy free." At other times she has announced that she will please herself in selecting a husband, and will marry for love only.

Queen Wilhelmina is Decidedly Pretty and Intelligent Looking.

She has delicately cut features and a graceful, slim figure—the exact antithesis to the build of the average Dutchwoman.

She Has Golden Hair and Blue Eyes,

and a particularly clear and beautiful complexion. She has a natural grace and dignity. When she visited London a few years ago the present writer saw her coming out of the Royal Academy on Royal View Day. Before getting into the carriage she took Queen Emma's mantle from the footman and put it on her mother's shoulders herself, then, with a charming little smile, she got into the carriage first, as etiquette demanded. She was dressed in

Her Favourite Colour, Pale Green,

which is most becoming to her.

To most of us there will seem to be something wanting in the coming ceremony. It is to be a very different affair from our imposing coronation service, and is to be merely a

Swearing In of the Queen

and her States-General. The Queen's oath is: "I swear to the Dutch people that I will observe and always maintain the Constitution. I swear that I will defend and guard with all my power

Photo Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS JULIA NEILSON AND MR. FRED TERRY, WHO SUSTAIN THE CHIEF PARTS IN THE NEW ADELPHI DRAMA OF "THE GIPSY EARL."

the independence and the territory of the Empire, that I will protect public and private liberty and the rights of all my subjects, and that I will use every means confided to me by the law to foster and uphold the national and individual well-being as a good Queen should do, and may God help me."

All the members of the States-General then advance and take the oath of allegiance—the President standing in front of the throne and reading out their names—and then the Herald King-at-Arms will wave the sceptre and cry in a loud voice—"Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina is inaugurated. Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen!"

The Queen will Arrive from The Hague

next Monday afternoon, and have a State reception from the Burgomaster and the civil and military authorities. A procession will then be formed, including all officials and dignitaries and guards of honour, etc., and the two Queens will occupy the same carriage, which will be drawn by eight horses, a postillion to each horse. The Sultan of Siak and other Indian princes from the Dutch Indian possessions will have a prominent place in this procession, and in all the State functions of the week. In the evening there will be a grand banquet in the Reception Room, a really magnificent apartment, 39 yards long, 19 yards wide, and 100 ft. high. The floor, which on this occasion will be richly carpeted, has a representation of the firmament inlaid in copper. The walls are of white marble, and as it used to be a hall of justice, significant carvings are all about. One, of a skeleton, over the door, has been mercifully covered up.

On Tuesday next

the great event takes place at eleven in the morning, heralded by the booming of cannon and the chiming of bells. The Palace is only a few yards from the church, and although the Queen-Regent will drive in State to the church, the young Queen will walk. The procession will be gorgeous, and the Royal mantle will be carried by four aides-de-camp. Should the weather be wet, a covered way will be made; but everyone will hope for the brightest of days for this happy ceremony. The Dam, or square, on which the church and Palace are situated, will be lined with troops and gaily decorated. Stands are up in all directions, very suggestive of our Jubilee celebrations.

Upon returning to the Palace the Queens will come out on the balcony and bow to the people, and then the young Queen holds a reception in her throne-room—a small apartment, decorated in Empire style, with red brocade and white and gold, as is all the Palace. After lunch

The Queens will Drive Through the City,

and there will be another State banquet. Later in the evening the Royal party will again drive out to see the illuminations.

There is a touch of Hibernianism in having a serenade in the morning, but the united musical societies of the Netherlands have selected Wednesday morning to serenade their Sovereign—a Sovereign, by the way, who is by no means musical. Queen Wilhelmina will then receive deputations in the Yellow-room of the Palace, and subsequently will visit the people's fête and see the procession of national costumes, or "Historical Procession."

In the evening the Royalties go to fireworks at the Ruytenkade, arranged by the States-General and their families. On Thursday the Rembrandt Exhibition will be visited. The afternoon will be given up to a State concert, and the evening to a gala performance at the theatre. On Friday the Queen leaves Amsterdam in State for the Hague, where she will have another grand reception and a repetition of fêtes and ceremonies.

Prices Have Been Raised in Holland

in an appalling way for the next fortnight. Strangers wishing to be present for the festivities would be wise to join some organised party, such as the one arranged by Cook's celebrated agency, which is to leave London on Saturday, Sept. 3, and return that day week. The cost will be nineteen guineas, and that includes everything, even seats on the stands to see Monday's and Wednesday's processions. All worry and uncertainty and chance of being fleeced will be avoided by leaving the arrangements to those able to ensure an enjoyable visit for a stated outlay.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets): "You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend." Perspiring Shopman (politely): "If you think your friend is among the blankets, Madam, I shall be happy to go over them again with you!"

Guy, the Founder of Guy's Hospital in London, was as parsimonious in private life as he was munificent in public. John Hopkins, one of his contemporaries, who was nicknamed "Vulture Hopkins," on account of his rapacious mode of acquiring his immense wealth, on one occasion paid a visit to Guy, who, on Hopkins entering the room, lighted a farthing candle. Hopkins, being asked the reason of his visit, said: "I have been told that you, Sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man living, and I therefore wait on you for a lesson on frugality. I have always regarded myself as an adept in this matter, but I am told you excel me." "Oh," replied Guy, "if that is all you come to talk about we can discuss the matter in the dark," and thereupon he blew out the candle. Hopkins acknowledged that he had met his superior in thrift.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CONGRATULATIONS TO YORKSHIRE!

CHAMPIONS beyond all dispute, Yorkshire have every reason to be proud of their position. After remaining undefeated until the latter part of July, there was apparently a falling away from the splendid form that had been shown, and though reverse at the hands of Kent was followed by two substantial victories, the way both Derbyshire and Warwickshire, without winning, quite held their own, and the overwhelming defeat by Surrey, were circumstances that tended to shake one's confidence in the team's being able to maintain pride of place. Of the five remaining matches, however, only one—that at Leeds against Middlesex—was lost, and Yorkshire eventually emerged with flying colours, having regained the championship by means of sixteen matches won, three lost, and seven drawn, singularly the record by which the top of the tree was reached in 1896. Though Tunnicliffe, Mr. F. S. Jackson, J. T. Brown, and Lord Hawke have fine averages as batsmen, and the first three scored over 1300 runs,

Success was in a Very Large Measure Due to the Bowlers,

of whom Rhodes, who came to fill the gap occasioned by the dismissal of Peel, achieved the greatest amount of distinction. The doings of this young left-handed bowler not only constitute the most interesting feature of Yorkshire cricket, but must also be regarded as one of the most notable things in connection with the cricket of the year.

It does not often fall to the lot of a bowler in his first year to take over a hundred wickets. Rhodes's record in county cricket is 126 wickets, at the low average cost of 13·84. One can all the more warmly congratulate Yorkshire on winning the championship, in that the team is practically all home-born talent. Of course Yorkshire are lucky in this respect, but it would in my opinion be all the better for county cricket if some other counties would keep a keener eye upon native talent than that reared on foreign soil. By the time these notes appear in print the county programme will have been almost completed.

Gloucestershire

finished up at the same time as Yorkshire, having won their last five matches in splendid style. At the close of their season they stood second to the champions in the list of results. Mr. W. G. Grace occupies a position with which he is quite familiar—the head of the batting averages; but the star of the team is undoubtedly

Mr. C. L. Townsend,

who has scored 1072 runs and taken 130 wickets, and proved himself to be one of the very best of all-round cricketers. He and Mr. W. Troup (second in the batting averages) both reached the high dignity of the third figure on four occasions, beating in this matter Mr. W. G. Grace, who accomplished the feat three times—pretty good for a "fifty-year-old."

The Brilliant Cricket of Middlesex

marked the closing stage of the season. Saturday's victory over Kent at Lord's was the sixth in succession, and the seventh out of eight, one being drawn. Most watchers of cricket delight in the success of Middlesex, for, as a rule, their cricketers provide so much that is attractive. In this respect,

Mr. F. G. J. Ford,

he of many inches, has made himself most conspicuous. It is dangerous for opponents to let him remain long, for he scores so rapidly; but, alas! they have lately been unable to help themselves, and his effort of 135 in an hour and a quarter, Mr. "Jimmy" Douglas's (one of those Surrey has let slip through their fingers) 153, and the bowling of J. T. Hearne (twelve wickets for 127 runs), were the main factors in the victory gained on Saturday by an innings and 96 runs.

Somerset's Fine Score of 457,

which included hundreds by Messrs. L. C. H. Palairet and W. N. Roe, was proof against a win for the other side, which was Surrey. Indeed, the latter had to follow on. In this, however, they covered themselves with distinction. Brockwell made 100, both Hayward and Holland got somewhere near it, and in the end

Surrey Obtained 468,

and before time was up took three wickets for 42 in Somerset's second innings. The rain of Friday and Saturday at Southampton may have robbed Warwickshire of a victory, for they had scored 424, and Hampshire would in all probability have had to follow on. Rain also saved Derbyshire, as they had scored but 77 runs for eight wickets against Lancashire's 546, which included an innings of 200 by Tyldesley, who, with a splendid aggregate of 1801, is easily first (39·15) in the batting averages of the champions of 1897, who partly through illnesses and accidents and partly through a falling away in bowling form share with Essex the honours of fifth place.

Mr. F. S. Jackson's Hundredth Wicket.

At Scarborough on Monday this was really the chief incident of cricket played under dispiriting circumstances. He had already scored over 1000 runs, and now he shares the uncommon honour of the double event with Mr. C. L. Townsend, the only other cricketer who has so far this season done ditto. The match was Gentlemen v. Players at Scarborough, and the most notable thing of the day was Mr. Jackson's six wickets for 58 runs.

Mr. H. B. Hayman Scores 104 for Middlesex.

This gentleman made his reappearance for his county at Catford on Monday, and this is how he signalised it. Middlesex made but 213, yet this could only be regarded as promising under the circumstances. The weather was cheerless and the cricket dull. At Brighton the honours of the day were divided between the weather and

Mr. C. B. Fry,

whose batting was the only compensation to the goodly company on the Hove ground. The old Oxonian made 71 out of 138 scored by Sussex against Essex for the loss of four wickets.

The Beauties of the Upper Thames

have been brought home to a larger number of Londoners than ever since the "heat wave" drove myriads from town for fresh air and shade. Great are the advantages of reading in the charming towns on the riverside, grace to the rapid and efficient service of the well-managed London and South-Western Railway Company, which has an able successor to the late valued General Manager, Sir Charles Scotter, in Mr. Charles J. Owens. It is this quick railway service that has brought about the notable increase in the population of Wimbledon and Surbiton, and will presently add to the number of inhabited houses in

Pretty Walton-on-Thames,

which is pleasantly situated amid lovely, well-wooded scenery, and boasts a silvern reach that was gay with a fleet of boats on Aug. 25, the day of the town regatta. A *P.I.P.* Snap-shot mirrors faithfully the liveliness of the scene at the goal, directly opposite the riverside entrance to Mine Host Trevalion's favourite Swan Hotel. The Coldstream Guards' Band discoursed vivacious music on the lawn of Mr. E. Syrett's residence; and there was a goodly muster of visitors there and in the garden of the Swan. Worthy of warmest praise are the gentlemen who freely devote their time to the exacting duties of managing these regattas; and especial commendation is the due of those who officiated at Walton-on-Thames Town Regatta—Messrs. T. Geddes, jun., and S. Foote as Umpires, Mr. A. P. Bargate as the lonely Judge, and Messrs. W. H. Coulson and E. Edelston as Honorary Secretaries—for the programme was of such prodigious dimensions that racing had to commence overnight, was resumed as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and lasted till the evening. Mr. Clark's boat-house was naturally much patronised during this prolonged regatta.

The Pleasures of Up-the-River Regattas

were on Saturday marred by the weather. A lower temperature than that of the preceding fortnight one could have comfortably put up with; but there was rain, and as a consequence summer attire was discarded or else hidden beneath waterproof of ombre hue. What

Wargrave-on-Thames

might have been it is not easy to say. A gay spectacle, doubtless! Staunch hearts and true made it a success in spite of unfavourable circumstances. It was excellently managed; competitors of both sexes were undeterred by weather, and the successful ones found their rewards to be of substantial description. Among the winners may be mentioned Mr. J. S. Ridsdale, Miss P. Ellis, Mr. E. J. H. Rudge, Miss Lewis, Mr. F. Batten, the Misses Ellis, and Messrs. Boyton. "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody," and the distance between the lawn and the George and Dragon being as next to nothing, the fair attendants at the jolly hostelry occasionally—I say occasionally—found their hands full in meeting the requirements of those who sought temporary shelter from the blustering wind. The weather cleared up for the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Oliver Young, and the Venetian fête which followed later in the evening was thoroughly enjoyed.

At Datchet,

too, there was also a well-managed regatta, at which F. Wilkins won the Twenty Guinea Challenge Cup given by mine host of the Manor Hotel for punting. Others who had the pleasure of receiving trophies from the hands of Mrs. Cyril B. Tubbs were Messrs. S. Clement and Bailie Gage. Mr. F. H. Ramsden, and Miss Wilkins. For all there was the music contributed by the Premier Band, under the direction of Mr. S. Dodwell. The second portion of

Henley Town Regatta

was successfully carried out, and the Skiff Club held their regatta in Teddington Reach. There was a large company at the invitation regatta of the

Staines Boat Club,

at which Mr. H. S. Freeman rowed over for the Senior Sculls, and Mr. R. B. Freeman took the junior race of the same description. The first-named also stroked the winning eight; the Double Sculls fell to Messrs. E. E. H. Green and R. Pimm, and the punting handicap to E. T. Aspinall.

The English Swimmers Entertained in Sweden—

Dr. P. S. Abraham, E. V. Salaman, Guy M. Campbell, S. J. Monks, Arnold Ely, L. Klaftenberger, R. Blackshaw, G. Robinson, R. M. Whitehead, W. Holliday, and W. Henry (hon. sec.)—speak most warmly of the hospitality and kindness lavished on them by all classes. I trust they will entertain a representative body of Swedish swimmers with similar heartiness in London.

The Ulph Cup for Swimmers.

The delights of swimming have often been referred to in this column, and the exceeding usefulness of the art extolled. At Yarmouth on Monday, however, there was not much occasion for ecstasy over a battle with the waves and the breezes. Nevertheless, this annual race afforded even more interest than usual. J. A. Jarvis, Leicester S.C.

"WE HAVE SEEN INFANTS THRIVING on it who had been wasting under other foods," said the *Liverpool Medico-Chirurgical Journal*, speaking of HORLICK'S MALTED MILK. No cooking or added milk required. Of all chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. Free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK & Co., 34, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C. Send for "Freddy's Diary," post free.—[ADVT.]

If you wish to be FORTU-NATE, Subscribe to the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT.

was generally considered to possess the best chance of success; and S. T. Pugh, though he had proved victorious on two previous occasions, was not apparently taken into serious account. Jarvis kept a stereotyped course, but Pugh was observed to go right out to sea; why, he did not appear quite clear. In the first place, this enabled Pugh to keep out of the way of the boats, and in the second crossing gave him the benefit of the tide in a way not thought of. In the result his plan proved successful, for the Surbiton man won by a yard and a half. Jarvis was greatly surprised, yet did not forget to congratulate Pugh on his forethought. Mrs. W. G. Ulph presented the prizes, and Mr. Harry W. Ulph, the donor of the Cup, as usual entertained swimmers and their friends at dinner.

Hearty Wishes to Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

who started on Wednesday for the United States, where he is shortly to receive the best prize of his career—namely, Miss Alice Marie Davis, of Worcester, Mass. Good luck go with you, friend Lehmann, and may the marriage state be for you one long term of unalloyed happiness. One of the biggest-hearted of rowingmen, Mr. Lehmann has won, and deservedly won, golden opinions from all classes of his fellow-countrymen.

MR. R. C. LEHMANN.

Great Eastern Railway.

After the tremendous rush of the holiday season, railway servants deserve a little relaxation, and it was, therefore, a great shame that the pleasure of their annual sports meeting should have been spoilt by the weather. A capital programme had been arranged, and though troubled by gusts of wind all went well for a time, but the storms of rain which came later in the day prevented the cycle events being brought to a conclusion until Monday evening. The cycle events left over for decision until Monday resulted as follows: half-mile scratch (open), C. F. Sanderson; one-mile handicap (open), W. Fone, Warrender C.C., 180 yards; one-mile handicap (G.E.R.), F. W. Dawson, 25 yards; two-miles handicap (open), J. Woodward, West Essex, 160 yards. The

City of London Athletic Association

are also to be sympathised with, for Saturday bore a similar character to the day on which their championships were decided last year. Eltham Road, Lee Green, was the scene of the meeting; and while rain prevented the cricket match for the champion-ship being played out, the final of the cycle event had to be postponed. The mile walk for the championship fell to Gresham (Messrs. J. and R. Morley); but the first man home, W. Endean, belongs to the Revellers (Messrs. Hawson, Son, and Barker), who were third. Fell Street Messrs. Carnall and Co.), the holders, were second. This event was decided in what might almost be termed a deluge. Rather more fortunate were those engaged in the mile running championship, which was won by Holborn Circus (Messrs. Wallis and Co.), with Forest (Fore Street Warehouse Company) second, and Ravensbourne (Messrs. Cook, Son, and Co.) third. To the latter club belongs the first man home, H. H. Lidyard. In winning the

Pegasus Club's Twelve Hours Race

on Saturday at Kensal Rise, the brothers R. J. and C. E. Tidy again won, and in doing so beat amateur tandem records for 170, 180, and 200 miles. Their total for twelve hours (262 miles 470 yards), however, fell short of record (262 miles 1100 yards), made by Clark and Goodwin at Wood Green, Sept. 14, 1895.

BANSHEE.

WALTON-ON-THAMES TOWN REGATTA: "P.I.P." SNAP-SHOT OUTSIDE THE "SWAN."

THE RACING WORLD.

I AM afraid that only little interest is felt in

The St. Leger.

One regrets the circumstance, but can only regard it as natural, for, as we said last week,

Jeddah has Swamped the Rest.

To a certain extent the Sellinger must be an unsatisfactory affair. You see, Jeddah ought to win on form as demonstrated in the Derby and at Ascot, and so he is the horse to back. But

Odds on Mr. Larnach's Colt

are required, and the public do not care to bet in that way. So unless the price eases, which is very unlikely if all keeps well with the Derby winner, very many sportsmen will stand down or back something else, and be vexed with themselves if he wins and they lose. What is to beat Jeddah I quite fail to see, but we might have an interesting race among the others. We probably shall find them running close together, because bad horses beat each other, and without question these are bad. As to beating each other, one has only to point to

Batt's Defeat by Greenan at York.

Batt is a curious customer, who must have disappointed Kingsclere sadly.

A most unreliable lot will face Mr. Coventry next Wednesday. Where can you find a greater proportion of queer creatures? Batt, said to be a consistent performer, is to my mind very inconsistent.

Dieudonne

is said to stay in home gallops, and does not do anything of the sort on a racecourse.

Wildfowler

couldn't beat a plater at Derby.

Wantage

is a brute, and cursed with bad habits.

Cap Martin

is a miler, and at that prefers seven furlongs to eight.

Disraeli,

who, I hear, will not run, is one of the sort that cannot be led and will not be driven. Truly, a nice collection they make.

Derby

always is greatly favoured by aristocratic patronage. This latest meeting was no exception, for from the great houses in the neighbourhood came the swells in great force. They had a capital programme, but of course this does not compare with the November fixture. In some years we should all have been on the *qui vive* to

Watch the St. Leger Market,

but on this occasion knew well enough that no one would be wanting the field unless damaging information came to hand. And then there of course would be plenty of bookmakers ready to trade.

All the Racing World will be glad to hear that

Major Egerton, the Jockey Club's Handicapper,

is better than he has been of late. The Major has been very unwell recently, too ill to take his usual amount of exercise. As soon as he picks up sufficiently to feel equal to taking his old sort of walks I shall expect him to progress very fast towards complete recovery.

Morny Cannon

enjoyed his holiday in Ireland very much, and was at Hurst Park looking in capital fettle.

BENDIGO.

"She Has a Wonderfully Forgiving Nature," said one young woman. "I offended her unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past." "Yes," replied the other fair one, "that is a speciality of hers." "What!" "Overlooking the past. She says that she is only twenty-eight years of age."

BRAIN-WORKING MADE EASY.

A CLEAR head and active brain is an absolute necessity in these days. Now, reader, we want to impress upon you the important fact that no matter whether physical or mental labour is meant, or even if, as is too often the case in these days of fierce struggle for existence, an excess of either has to be accomplished, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will prove of inestimable service. The jadedness and tiredness which characterises thousands of young men and women of the present day, too often resolves itself into a question of diet. A partially digested Food-beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the tissues. The disinclination for further effort and exertion so often experienced will become a thing of the past; and heat in summer, and cold in winter, and all the bleak uncertainties of our trying climate can be faced with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which has concentrated powers of nutriment, and imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "Vi-Cocoa is a very palatable beverage of great stimulating and sustaining properties."

The *Lancet* says: "Vi-Cocoa is in the front rank of really valuable foods." We say that

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE HEAT WAVE has begun to lose its fatal intensity, and holiday-makers and those who are obliged to remain in town are rejoicing at its decline. Strange to say, the country and the seaside have generally seemed not so hot as London was. Personally, I confess that I prefer the cool house in town to the stuffy cottage at the seaside or in the country, with its small bed-rooms and its minute windows. And then the creatures that

Bite and Sting

when you sit out under the shade of a "spreading oak"! What we went through warding off wasps and circumventing midges and gnats! To fight the all but invisible harvest-bug was impossible; but the horrible irritation of his bite could be lessened, as I think I said last week, by the application of hasaline well rubbed in, as if you were trying to take out a stain. Mere dabbing is no good. To put it in a couplet—

When the harvest-bug is in the skin,
Kill it quick with hasaline.

I Made a Tour of the Shops

the day after my return to London, but at present there is nothing very new to report. I saw some extremely ugly capes—so ugly, indeed, that Venus herself would look dowdy in one of them. They are very long, and there is scarcely any fullness in them. The ornamentation, if I may use the word, consists of deep and perfectly plain folds placed round with a little space between. The shoulders are flat and plain, and the "storm-collar," rising from the unadorned neck-piece, gives the wearer, especially when looked at from the back, the bare and ungainly

Appearance of a Vulture.

Any one who has seen one of those birds on his perch at the "Zoo" will know exactly what I mean. But to make up for the unattractiveness of the new capes, there are some

Charming Fresh Felt Hats.

The boat-shaped deerstalker, for cycling and golf, is still in evidence; but for more dressy occasions there are very pretty designs and a variety of colours in felt—seal and beaver-brown, grey, dark blue, light fawn, black, and white. These hats are pretty and ladylike. Summer materials are still in demand, and

The Cotton Shirt

hangs in every shop-window. The blouse, I can see, dies hard. It is still possible to buy blouses in the very best shops; but there are fewer to choose from. The more I see of

Elvery's Waterproof Ulsters

the more I admire them. They are ideal garments in every sense of the word—useful, ornamental, and ladylike. The prices range from thirty shillings to two guineas. I have seen them in Oxford Street for a guinea, and one-pound-five, but they are single-breasted at those prices, and less well finished. These waterproof ulsters cover the whole dress, and they have full sleeves with a wristband. I am told that

French Cashmere

will be very much in favour for autumn and early winter frocks, but a thicker material looks better when made up into the skirts which fit round the hips as closely as skirts are made to do at present. However, that fashion may be out before the autumn gowns appear. Any girl who is about to

Officiate as Bridesmaid

is quite safe to order a hat of black crinoline to wear with her bridesmaid's costume. I have it on good authority that no headgear is in better taste, and if a white or coloured hat is chosen, a large bow of black velvet is placed in front.

At a Recent Wedding

in London the bridesmaids wore pale pink dresses with yokes of drawn white chiffon, and white chiffon sashes. Their hats were black crinoline trimmed with black silk gauze, black plumes, and pink roses. What could be prettier or in better taste? At a wedding in the country the bridesmaids wore white China crêpe over pale apple-green silk, sashes of the silk, and black hats with short upstanding plumes of the pale green.

Miss Olga Nethersole,

whose creation of the beautiful and wayward Princess Moya in "The Termagant" (surely an unfortunate name!) at Her Majesty's Theatre has been so eagerly looked for, has within twelve years of her début leapt from a clever amateur to the front rank of actresses, and earned for herself the title of "the English Bernhardt." Wild, weird, and unconventional, she is an attractive woman, a brilliant conversationalist, and has the keenest sympathy with the foibles and failures of human nature, both on and off the stage.

Somewhat southern in type, but of Saxon colouring, Miss Nethersole is the daughter of a London solicitor; but on her mother's side of Spanish descent. Her first public appearance was made at Colney Hatch in "Leave It to Me," but after that she did much amateur acting and reciting, eventually gaining the permission of her family to adopt the stage professionally. She was engaged by Mr. Charles Hawtrey for the part of Lettice Vane in "Harvest," making her début at Brighton, and after about a year of provincial work came to London to the Adelphi to play Ruth Medway in "The Union Jack." Then Mr. Hare secured her for Janet Preece in "The Profligate," and during that season she replaced Mrs. Bernard Beere as La Tosca, playing the part at only two days' notice and making an immense hit.

After that she gladly accepted an offer to "star" in Australia, for here she saw her opportunity for work and experience. Returning, she again joined Mr. Hare at the Garrick to create Mrs. Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," after which she played Mercède in "The Silent Battle" at the Criterion; and in February 1893 came her Countess Zicka in the revival of "Diplomacy" at the Garrick, and then her wonderfully

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE,

WHO APPEARS AT HER MAJESTY'S AS "THE TERMAGANT" THIS WEEK.

Photograph by Faber, 38, Dover Street, W.

comprehensive and sympathetic Sylvia Woodville in "The Transgressors" at the Court Theatre.

She was also the second to play the title-rôle in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the Garrick, and since that time America and the provinces have claimed most of her time with such plays as "Camille," "Denise," "Frou-Frou," "Carmen," "Romeo and Juliet," and she promises very soon to give us an entirely new reading of the part of Lady Macbeth.

The interesting correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*—

"Should Wives Work?"

continues day by day; and it is instructive, if sad, to note in how many instances we find that the happiness of the home has been ruined by the absence of the wife and mother as bread or part bread winner. I have had a few letters on the subject, and I am sorry to say that all the women who have written to me have had

Sad Stories to Tell.

One of them says that she has a fair amount of ability as an artist, and that her portraits of children are very much liked. She also gives drawing lessons in two schools. Her husband is also an artist, but since she has been making a pretty good income by the sale of her pictures and her lessons, he has become lazy and idle. "And," she writes pathetically, "I am terribly overworked. My children are young — the youngest is about six months old—and require far more care than I can give them, and the constant struggle to keep my little house and my profession going is wearing me out." Of course it is, and

Her Husband Ought to be Ashamed of Himself.

I should be inclined to strike if I were in her place, and I should certainly nail up in a prominent place on the wall of the dining-room the words, "If a man would not work, neither should he eat."

Apropos of food, there are many recipes for

Delicious Tea-Cakes

in the *Ladies' Home* for Aug. 27. I give one here for the making of potato rolls. Potato cakes are well known in Ireland, but these rolls are not made quite in the same way. The first thing to be done is to sift one and a half cups (size of cup not given) of flour into a basin with half a teaspoon of salt; then mix in three-quarters of a cupful of oiled butter, one cupful of mashed potatoes dissolved in two cupfuls of lukewarm water; add one cupful of milk, and mix all well together before pouring it on to the flour. When all have been thoroughly well mixed, add a dessert-spoonful of castor sugar and half a cup of yeast. Beat the mixture well together before setting it to rise for three hours and a half. When it has risen enough, add sufficient flour to make it into a dough, which should be beaten for about twenty minutes and then set to rise again for a short time; then roll it out and form it into pretty little buns, and bake on a baking-sheet in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

Potatoes for Mashing

should be peeled before they are boiled, and if they are not floury they will not make good cakes. The above rolls and all the tea-cakes mentioned in the *Ladies' Home* are intended for high teas in winter, or any one of the different cakes or rolls mentioned would be very nice for tea on at-home days in winter. Plain bread-and-butter or cucumber sandwiches seem a poor offering on a cold day to visitors who have come a long way.

The Author of "Bootles' Baby"

has just brought out a new book, and it is the best she has written for some time past. It is called "The Price of a Wife." Now, Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) is a wife who works, and works hard, but whether she is sole bread-winner to the family I do not know. She is, however, a worker, and a pretty hard one, as her "output" of novels shows.

I am sure very many of my dear readers have by this time returned to their "daily round," with hearts strengthened and spirits brightened, with eyes clearer and faces aglow—all through a right well-earned holiday. Let them spread the social sunshine they have acquired wherever they can. As a sweet Devon poetess, settled in London, Mrs. W. E. Heard, puts it, incalculable is—

The Value of a Smile.

It is good to meet at the dawn of day
A happy face with a smile alway:
It is like the sunlight, glad and free,
That brightens with gold the summer sea.
When the clouds and foam both seem so near
That it's like a glimpse of Heaven here.

It is good to meet at the setting sun
A happy face when our toil is done:
It is like the dew on the thirsty flowers,
Or gentle breeze in the summer hours,
When we are worn with the toil of day,
Or care that will not be hid away.

It is not much we may have to give
So freely here, those who toil to live:
But a smile to help on their lonely road
A fellow-creature with weary load,
Lies in the power of each one below.
And, brother, it is so good to know.

W. E. HEARD.

The author of that charming novel "Tatterley," Mr. Tom Gallon, has brought out a new story called

"Dicky Monteith."

It is pretty but not quite as sweet and charming as his first work.

The Novelist's Widow and Orphans

for whom I appealed to the charitable among my readers, heartily appreciate and return their most grateful thanks for the kind sympathy and prompt donations given. The £1 9s. 6d. reached them at a most opportune moment. The lady who was good enough to write from Jersey will be replied to direct. Another lady, who generously contributed a guinea, and wished to know the name of the deceased novelist, is requested to forward her address, in order that the name may be sent to her. For myself, I must return my sincere thanks to these liberal givers, not only for the sums sent but also for the friendly sentiments expressed. Believe me, such sweet links of human kindness bind one closer to the dear friends it is my privilege to address week by week.

MARGUERITE.

The British Bugle-Call.

AMID the lonely grandeur of northern ice and snow,
Across the burning splendour of Eastern song and glow,
Where'er a noble instinct has leapt to sudden life,
Slaves into men transforming and holy making strife,
Freedom's God-given impulse, which none can hold in thrall,
Has thrilled that voice of valour—the British bugle-call.

It has roused the sleeping tiger and the lion in his lair,
And seared the screaming eagle from his fastness of the air,
The wind has borne it onward o'er India's pathless track,
And the boundless plains of Africa have tossed the echo back;
And where the Sphinx in silence looks into the great to-be,
That world-wide strain has sounded the war-song of the free.

'Tis Freedom's call to action; wherever it is heard
The patriot rejoices and the freeman heart is stirred;
The crouching slave looks upward and his soul awakes again,
For he knows that music heralds the breaking of his chain;
For wherever wrongs are righted and the thrones of tyrants fall
Has pealed the freeman's challenge—the British bugle-call.

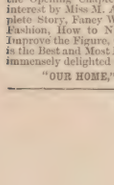
'Tis the voices of three Nations that wield the self-same sword:
There's the note of Celtic daring and the stirring Scottish chord,
And the tune of England telling of all things fair and brave;
For these Islanders, whose origin is lost within the wave,
Have spirits like its motion, which none can hold in thrall,
And hearts that match the music of their wild free battle-call.

When to the God of Battles on Lucknow's height they prayed,
"Arise, O God of Battles, and send us hope and aid,"
Oh! stirring as M'Gregor's pipes they heard the answer ring,
And prayer is turned to hymns of praise that the triumphant sing;
And the only tears they shed are tears which in great moments fall,
For like an angel's trumpet peals the British bugle-call.

But that sound shall ring triumphant in a Future greater far
Than the Past with all its glories of honoured peace and war;
For I see as in a vision the British scarlet spread
O'er worlds as yet unconquered, and I hear the martial tread
Of a People growing greater as the ages seek their rest,
Till all the East of mystery and all the warlike West
Shall own three mighty Nations that wield the self-same sword,
As the prophet's promised Israel, the Chosen of the Lord.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

A BEAUTIFUL NUMBER.



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"P.I.P." Holiday Haunts.

LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.

No visit to the East Coast by the popular Great Eastern Railway (the staff of smart officials of which are so assiduously obliging at the Liverpool Street Terminus) would be complete without some time spent at Lowestoft, for Lowestoft Ness, the headland between the two piers, is the most easterly point of Great Britain, and should from its situation receive the full benefit of any sea-breezes that may be blowing. Besides possessing two piers, one devoted to pleasure and the other only used in connection with the fishing industry, which is the principal business of the town, Lowestoft has two lighthouses, the sea-breezes at times being a little too breezy, and making this part of the coast a very dangerous one. Being the head-quarters of the

Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club,

the Club-house of which is a conspicuous object among the crowd of shipping in the harbour, it naturally possesses attractions for the yachting world, who may ride their hobby both on the sea and on the famed Norfolk Broads, for which Lowestoft makes a very convenient starting-point. The usual entertainments are provided on the beach, and with such varied surroundings as bustling Yarmouth on one side, and sleepy Kessingland and Southwold on the other, excursions may be found to suit all tastes.

A Large Influx of Visitors

was attracted to Lowestoft last week, for it was the Regatta week, and abundant amusement was provided by the public-spirited committee, each member of which worked zealously to secure the success of the annual gala. There is a new al-fresco resort called "The Sparrow's Nest," where entertaining performances are given twice daily, and the surrounding country is charming. The night spectacle of "The Bombardment of Fort Sparrow," in which Volunteer Artillerymen and Riflemen have taken part, and which closed with fireworks, excited much admiration. The show was exceedingly brilliant. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining apartments the hotels may be tried. From the Grand on the South Cliff to the Harbour Hotel near the railway-station, they are all excellent, and comparatively moderate in their charges.

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOT OF LOWESTOFT: PUNCH AND JUDY ON THE BEACH.

Altogether, leisure at Lowestoft (which is but 117¼ miles from Liverpool Street Terminus) may be thoroughly enjoyed. The temperature was quite fifteen degrees cooler than London in the very hot weather, which seems, however, to have gone at last for the season.

Among the notable visitors at Lowestoft have been General Hill, the Marchioness of Sligo, Lady May Browne, Lady Isobel Browne, Lady Murray, the Hon. Rose Murray, Canon and Mrs. Woodward, the Earl of Yarmouth, Sir William and Lady Birt, and Lady Herschell. The exhilaration of salubrious Lowestoft once experienced, people return again and again to this bracing health-resort.

He: "Do you really believe ignorance is bliss?" She: "I don't know. You seem to be happy."

OLLA PODRIDA.

Death from Sunstroke.

The death occurred last Monday of a member of the Dover Corporation band, named Wells, who was seized with sunstroke while playing on the pier a few days ago.

A Fatal Fall.

A little girl named Daisy Fulden, who lived with her parents at Queen's Buildings, Scovel Road, Borough, fell last Monday morning from a balcony one hundred feet from the ground, and was picked up dead. The body was removed to the mortuary to await an inquest.

Attempt to Enter a Moving Train.

While attempting to enter a moving train at St. Enoch Station, Glasgow, last Saturday night, Terence Hanton, thirty-three, fell upon the rails. The carriages passed over him, cutting off both his legs. Death was instantaneous.

A Yachtsman's Escape.

At Crosshaven Regatta on Monday, during a yacht race, in which five boats competed, a collision occurred between Mr. Gubbins' *Little Devil* and the *Minx*, belonging to Mr. Julian. The *Minx* was much damaged, and a yachtsman named Mr. Gray, who was aboard her, was knocked overboard. He was unable to swim; but had the presence of mind to turn on his back, and so drifted out to sea. The yachts came to his assistance, and he was picked up after being seven minutes in the water.

The Loss of an Alaskan Steamer.

A despatch has been received from 'Frisco confirming the report of the loss of the steamer *Stickeen Chief*, engaged in the Alaskan trade. Forty persons were drowned.

London Tramways Company.

An extraordinary general meeting of the London Tramways Company, Limited, was held at the Company's offices, Camberwell New Road, on Monday, Colonel Macdonald presiding, when resolutions passed at a previous extraordinary general meeting were confirmed. The resolutions agreed to the sale of the Company's undertaking to the London County Council for £850,000, apart from a short length of 2 1-8 miles and the Lawson Street depôt, for which they were to receive a further sum of £22,872.

Murder of a Boy.

A man named Maurice Holbrook was brought before the magistrates at Newport, Isle of Wight, on Saturday, charged with the wilful murder of a boy named Percy Hayter, who was found dead in Parkhurst Bank Field on Friday with his throat cut. The accused gave himself up to the police confessing that he had committed the crime. The Bench remanded him for a week. An inquest was held in the morning into the circumstances attending the death of the boy in question, and the coroner's jury, after hearing evidence, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Holbrook.

Workmen's Compensation Act.

On July 1, the very day on which the Workmen's Compensation Act became operative, a collier was killed in the Melwyn Colliery, South Wales. The proprietor had protected himself in the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, and, after negotiations, Mr. David Randall, M.P. for Llanelly, has succeeded in getting £150 deposited in the bank in the name of trustees for the benefit of the widow and children of the deceased miner. This is the first case in the United Kingdom under the new Act.

Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club-house.

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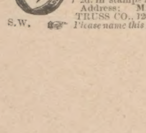

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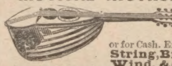

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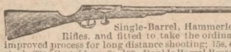

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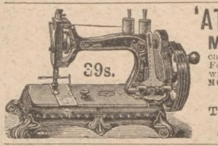

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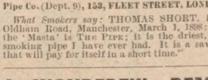

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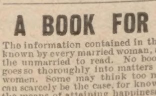

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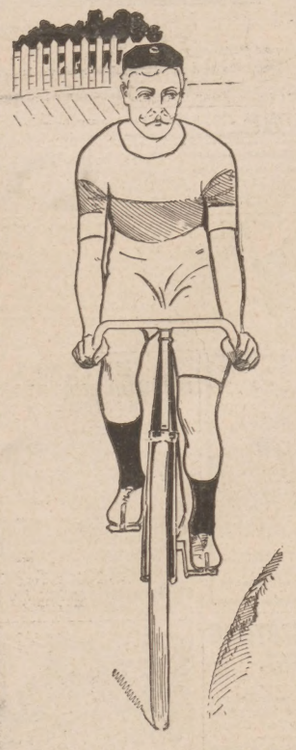

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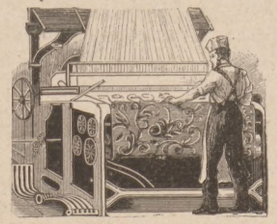

SIZES AND PRICES.

No.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.	Sale Price. £ s. d.	Former Price. £ s. d.
1	3	0	by	4	0	5 6	9 0
2	3	0	"	7	6	7 0	11 9
3	3	0	"	9	0	8 6	12 6
4	10	6	"	7	6	8 9	13 9
5	10	6	"	9	0	10 0	15 6
6	12	0	"	9	0	11 6	18 0
7	10	6	"	10	6	12 0	18 6
8	12	0	"	10	6	13 0	20 6
9	15	6	"	9	0	14 3	22 6
10	13	6	"	10	6	15 3	24 0
11	12	0	"	12	0	15 3	24 0
12	13	6	"	12	0	17 0	27 0
13	15	0	"	12	0	19 0	32 0
14	18	0	"	12	0	22 9	36 0
15	21	0	"	12	0	33 0	42 0

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